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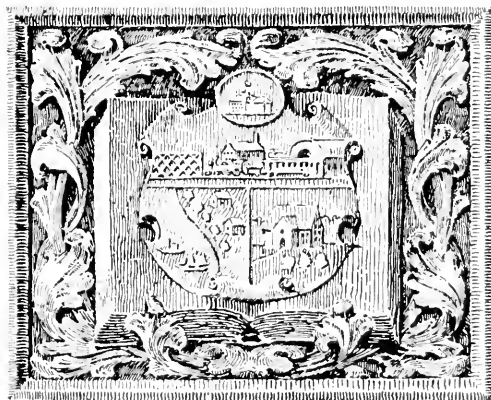
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THE
History of Springfield
in Massachusetts
FOR THE YOUNG

BEING ALSO IN SOME PART THE HISTORY OF
OTHER TOWNS AND CITIES IN THE
COUNTY OF HAMPDEN

BY
CHARLES H. BARROWS



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TO
THE CHILDREN AND YOUTH
OF SPRINGFIELD
AND THE NEIGHBORING TOWNS AND CITIES

THIS BOOK

WRITTEN THAT THEY MAY KNOW WHAT IS
INTERESTING GOOD AND TRUE IN THE LIVES
OF THOSE WHO HAVE GONE BEFORE THEM
IN THIS PART OF THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY

IS

DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR

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THE FOUNDER OF SPRINGFIELD.

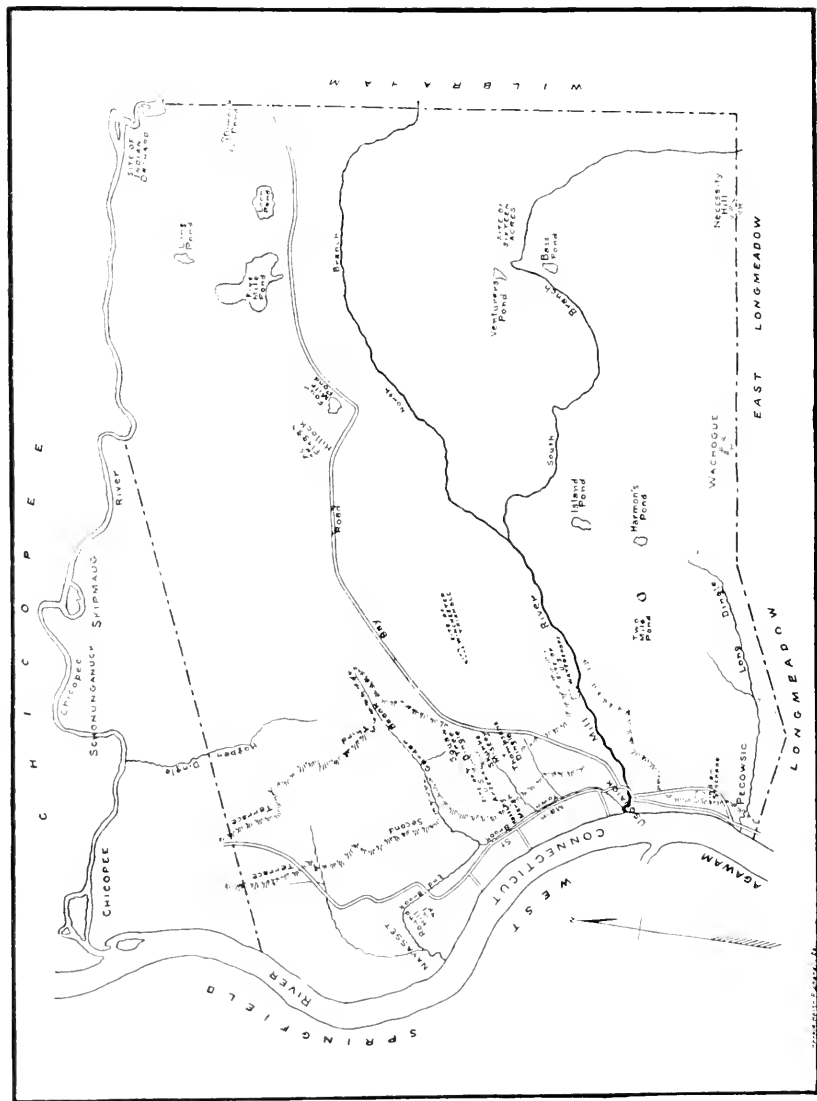
CHAPTER I.

GEOLOGICAL HISTORY OF SPRINGFIELD AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD.—THE LAY OF THE LAND AND THE RUN OF THE WATER.



THE SITE OF SPRINGFIELD AS THE INDIANS KNEW IT.

SPRINGFIELD is located on the bank of a fine river. It is true that the river is not deep enough for any but the smaller craft, but in the summer many pleasure boats skim over its surface. The city itself, as seen on the approach from the west or south, with the broad river in the foreground,



and its buildings rising on gradually retreating terraces, all embowered in foliage, is, indeed, as was said of an ancient city, "beautiful for situation."

Before the days of railroads, or even of good wagon roads, the river was of great consequence to Springfield in the way of commerce. It was by the river that the early settlers got their beaver skins and other goods to market, floating them down the stream and thence by sea to Boston. In the summer the river helps to cool the heated air. From the city to its source, near the Canadian border it is about three hundred and seventy miles and from the railroad bridge in Springfield to the lighthouse at the river's mouth seventy-one and a half miles more. The Agawam, which beyond Mittineague is called the Westfield, is one of its principal tributaries. While its name divides into three English words, this is a mere accident, yet it does cut in two New Hampshire and Vermont and the eastern and western portions of Massachusetts and Connecticut. The Indians named the stream and in their language Connecticut means "the long river."

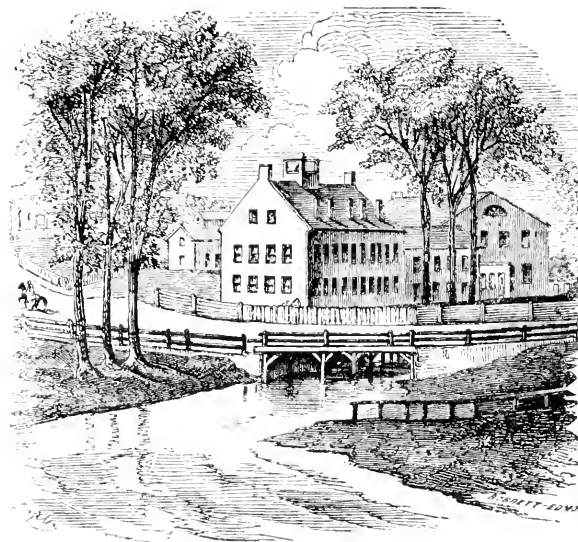
This is but one of many Indian names that belong to the locality of Springfield, some of which are in use today, like Pecowsic, Nayasset, Chicopee and Agawam. Mittineague was in Indian Menedgonuk, but has been worn by usage into the smoother form. The Indian place-names which are left to us in New England, like Wallamanumps, Massacksick, (Long-meadow) and Massachusetts are not so musical as those in the language of the western tribes, like Cayuga, Shiawassee and Minnehaha; but they all have a meaning which is worth finding out.

Besides her share in "the great river," as the English settlers called it, Springfield has also a river almost all her own, a little one, indeed, but just big enough to be called by that

name. Its sources are at the foot of the Wilbraham mountains whence it flows by its north branch and south branch till these meet at the Watershops pond. After tumbling over two dams below the point of union the river loses itself in the Connecticut, near York street. It was so useful in the earliest times of the white settlers in grinding all the grain and sawing all the lumber that they thought "Mill River" a good and

honorable name, and if those who come after us are sensible, by that name it will always be known. It still turns the great wheel at the Watershops and thus has a hand in making the rifles of the United States army.

Next to Mill river, the stream that has been most important



MILL RIVER AT THE WATERSHOPS.
From "Marco Paul at the Springfield Armory," by Jacob
Abbott, 1853.

in the town's history, except the Chicopee, or rivers that are no longer in the limits of Springfield, was the "Town brook." The Town brook, called in its upper part "Garden brook," rises to the east of St. James avenue bridge and flowing down the valley, formerly divided near the corner of Spring and Worthington streets, one branch going north and circling to the north of Round Hill on its way to the river,

while the other branch reached Main street, near Worthington, and flowed along the easterly side of the street, which it crossed near York street and thence entered the river. But the waters of the once famous "Town brook" are now diverted into sewers, where they do a very useful, if very dirty work. The brook as it flowed by Main street was once a clear, good stream in which to fish. Such has been also the doom of other pretty rural brooks that once flowed among grassy banks from the slopes of the higher lands in now thickly settled parts of the city. Some of them, before the days of steam, were ponded by dams in order to create power for small factories.

One of these ponds covered the region of Avon Place. There is a little brook which even today rises not far from the corner of State and Walnut streets and flows, for its whole course, unseen to the river, passing on its way just in front of the High School. It once formed the "Card Factory" pond and turned the wheels of a factory east of the Wesson Hospital. But in dry times the little brook was not able to do all the work required of it; so it was helped by a huge mastiff, who was made to walk in a treadmill and thus by the brook and the mastiff together, was the machinery kept going, a singular example of manufacture by dog power. Springfield has even yet some share in the Chicopee river, which touches its northeastern border, and to it Indian Orchard owes its importance.

There are a number of natural ponds, mostly fed by unseen springs. They either have an outlet under ground, or else the water flowing in is so nicely balanced by the water passing into the air by evaporation that they need no outlet. Where this balance is destroyed by the lessening of the supply of water, as by the cutting of trees, the pond diminishes in size and incidentally peat is formed. An example may be seen

on the Wilbraham road beyond the North Branch. Goose pond, at first called Swan pond, because of the swans that stopped there on their spring and autumn journeys, was the very largest pond, and stretched northward from Winchester square. It was built over not many years ago. Two Mile



pond seems likely to meet the same fate. Five Mile pond, named from its distance from Main street, is divided by the railroad. Island pond, so called from its single island, a

floating bog, is nearer, but little known. Loon pond is a pretty sheet of water and Venturer's pond is a pleasing feature of Sixteen Acres. The Sixteen Acres mill pond is perhaps a natural pond caused by a rock dam. In all there are ten natural ponds. The map accompanying this chapter shows the natural features and localities as they were in the days of the original settlers of Springfield.

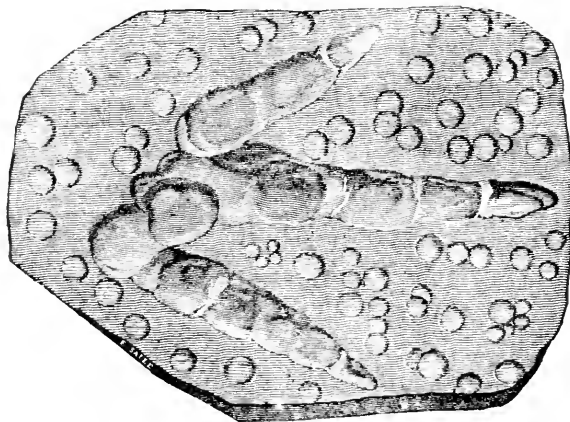
Before describing the lay of the land it is necessary to know something of its history; how in the story of the earth's making it came to be just what it is, its rocks and soil, its hills and valleys. To do this takes us back, perhaps, millions of years; for man's history is as nothing compared with that of the rocks. Deep down below the earth's surface lies the real floor on which all things above may be said to rest. It is composed of the strongest and oldest of the rocks, called crystalline. It was by the action of earth's great fires, melting and fusing together the original raw materials of the world,

that the crystalline rocks were made. Look at a block of granite and you will find it made up of several things that could only have been got together by fire.

Although crystalline rocks lie at the bottom, they have sometimes got pushed up by the mighty forces of nature and so have made mountains. If you climb mountains even no higher than those surrounding Springfield, and find an exposed surface, you will come upon the hard rocks out of which they are built. In the valley they are not seen because of the overlay of later rock and soil. Underneath Hampden county lies a bed of gneiss, a rock resembling granite. It is quarried in Monson and out of its blocks the Court House and Hall of Records have been constructed.

After this solid old floor of gneiss was laid down, some very interesting things happened in this part of the Connecticut Valley, the story of which only the student of geology can fully appreciate; but something of it may be told here. There was, first, the rising of the mountains; the easterly range running between Wilbraham and Monson and the westerly, through Blandford and other towns. This rising made the present Connecticut Valley. Then the whole valley between these mountains, extending as far north as Greenfield, sank below the level of the ocean and of course the salt water flowed in. On the heights of the present Wilbraham, Blandford and other towns where the highlands penned the waters in, the tide rose and fell and the sea fishes, perhaps whales and sharks, could swim from East Longmeadow to Holyoke and beyond. In those times sand and mud were being carried down by the Connecticut river from the northern mountains in a way which will be described further on, and dropped in the bottom and on the shores of this inland sea. Reptiles and great birds walked on the shore. In the end this sand hardened

and became a rock called sandstone, having sometimes imprinted in it the footsteps of these living beings. Sometimes too, raindrops left their marks in the sand and the raindrops and tracks have remained to tell a very old story in after ages. Specimens like that on this page may be seen in the Science Museum; but the best collection is in the museum of Amherst College. It is this ancient sandstone, called by geologists, triassic, which is taken from the quarries of East Longmeadow.

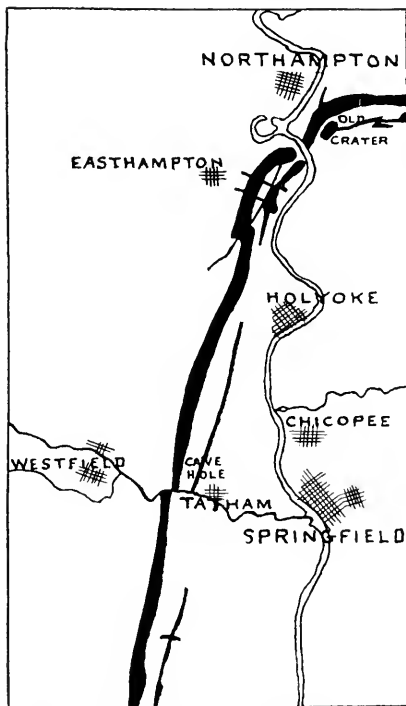


FOOTPRINT AND RAINPRINTS IN THE TRIASSIC SANDSTONE
OF THE CONNECTICUT RIVER.

It was while the water extended from the Wilbraham mountains to the Blandford range that a great event happened a few miles from Springfield, caused by the action of subterranean fires. A great crack opened in the earth and up rushed a mass of melted matter which finally cooled into the hardest kind of rock, a rock called trap. This rock formed Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke and all the range southerly which makes the line between West Springfield and Westfield. Again the earth opened and the molten volcanic matter thrown up at this time, a smaller mass than the other, formed a low

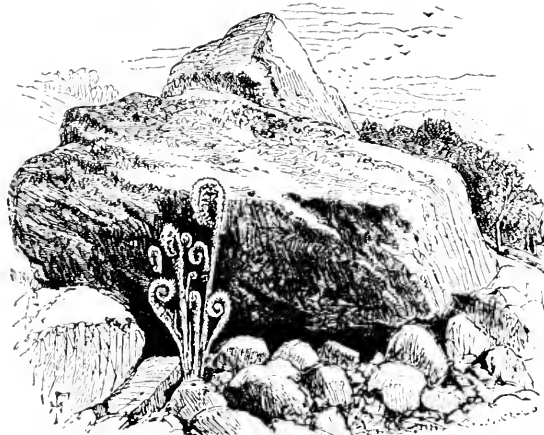
and short range of hills extending through the western part of West Springfield and Agawam. The volcanic rock can be seen exposed to view in the trap rock quarries; also in the railroad cut between Tatham and Paucatuck in West Springfield. Out of it is made the macadam for the streets. At the northern part of these breakings forth of earth's subterranean fires, there was a small volcano which probably continued fuming after the range of hills, whose making was connected with it, had been formed. The remains of the crater of this long extinct volcano can still be seen, not far from Titan's pier at the foot of Mount Holyoke.

It was after this that, in an era not so very far from our own, perhaps, another one of Nature's great forces, not directly fire or water, but connected with both in its origin, set itself in operation to make changes in the surface of the earth in this neighborhood, and indeed, over a large part of North America. This was the Great Glacier, a sheet of ice that, starting in the Arctic regions, probably Labrador, extended, in some places, half a mile thick all down the continent to a line drawn a good deal south of Springfield. Half a mile measures the distance from Court Square to the lower Armory



VOLCANO WORK: MAP BY WILLIAM ORR.

gate on State street. The glacier was, as all glaciers are, really a great ice river; for it flowed slowly southward, bending itself to go between the mountains in its course and bearing the fragments along with it. These fragments, when the



BOULDERS DROPPED BY A GLACIER AND WATER-WORN
COBBLESTONES.

glacier finally melted, were dropped in places far away from their starting point and are now called boulders. In some places they are thickly strewn, but are not so common in the immediate valley, for reasons that we shall see. One of them, however, now making a memorial stone on

Benton Park, was found on the highlands near Brush Hill in West Springfield.

The mountains, composed of the hard crystalline rocks, like the White mountains, and of trap, like Mount Tom, stood firm against the grinding power of the glacier, but many of the hardened deposits of sandstone were worn down. We cannot always tell just what damage was done to the sandstone by the glacier and just what by the wearing of it away by the waters; but if you notice how high Mount Sugarloaf stands above the meadows of South Deerfield and Sunderland, and even how the sandstone hill at the south end of Main street is higher than the land around it, you will see how much bed-rock has been carried off to Connecticut which was once

alongside. This bed-rock, broken up fine, as it would be by gradual water wear, makes the red earth so common in Suffield, Hartford and other Connecticut towns. It is some of Massachusetts that went down stream. At Locust street the sandstone is close to the surface and the sewer is cut in the solid rock which extends southerly from a corner of the South Main street school.

When the great glacier melted away it left a big pond bottom stretching from Middletown in Connecticut on the south to Holyoke on the north, easterly to the Wilbraham and west as far as the range of hills that separates West Springfield from Westfield. This big bottom became filled with water and is known to geologists as the Springfield lake. For a long time this lake remained. When you leave Court Square for Holyoke in the street cars your course is along the old lake bottom, the banks on either side being in plain view, until you reach the top of the bank itself at the Holyoke City Hall. The powerful current of the Connecticut, entering the lake at the gap between Mount Holyoke and Mount Tom, as also Chicopee river coming down from the northeast, made important changes in the lake bottom. What were they?

Away to the north were the mountains of crystalline rocks, the White mountains and the Green mountains. Heat, cold and frost were slowly wearing them away. Pebbles and sand came from them and fell into the little streams that ran among the hills. These pebbles and sand were carried downward by the streams into the great river. The river carried them into the great Springfield lake and gradually they were dropped on the bottom. If the current was powerful it carried the pebbles further; if it lacked, then not so far: the sand being lighter, would always go further than the pebbles. We

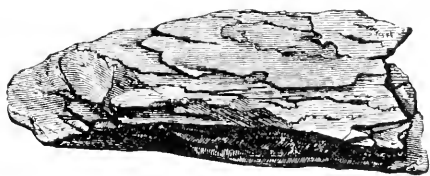
have called the large pieces of rock, pebbles; but when they started on the southern journey they were rough edged. By tumbling over each other in their downward course they became rounded into pebbles. It was because this process was kept up for ages that the crystalline rocks underneath Springfield are covered deep with something quite different. Where the pebbles fell in masses they made gravel beds, the like of which can be seen on the line of the railroad, not far from Oak Grove cemetery.

But the history of the sand dropping is the more interesting. Remember that, when the flow of water was swift and strong, the lighter grains went on and only the heavier ones were dropped. When the current slackened, the heavier grains stopped further up stream and the lighter ones in the spot where the larger ones were at first. So we expect to find layers of sand of varying thicknesses, one or the other, according as the current was swift or slow.

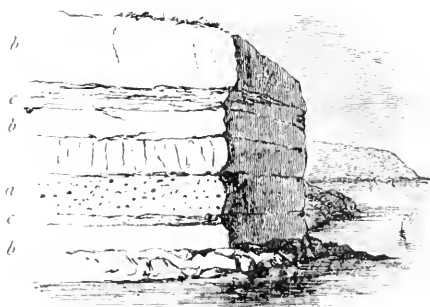
Sometimes the sand varies in color, as underneath Maple avenue in the Peabody cemetery. The children who discovered this by digging holes to China called one layer of it "fireman's sand," for its red color. In fact Armory Hill, extending for miles east, is covered with sand of varying sized grains. On the brow of the hill at Union street the grains exposed in building are coarse and good for mortar; a little distance east, on Walnut street, they are finer and not so good for this purpose. After you have noticed these different kinds of sand, look at one of the great stone posts at the gates of the Armory and you will find that it is composed of just such sand, only the mass of grains is compacted into stone, the color of which is a brown red. This post was taken out of the quarries of Longmeadow, where the sand droppings of a time long before the period of the great glacier had been pressed

into stone by the great weight above them, making a stone or rock called sandstone. Some sandstone is red and some is brown, and it is called sedimentary, because made out of the sediment, or settlings, of water.

Sometimes the mixture of sand and mud (the mud was only a wet mass of grains so fine as to be almost unnoticeable) did not harden enough to make sandstone but only got pressed into a shelly state that was almost and yet not quite stone. This substance is called shale and may be seen in a bank at the foot of Walnut street. When the masses of grains are so fine as to be nothing more, when in the water, than mud mixed with a certain sticky substance, the deposit, or droppings, is called clay, such as can be seen at any brickyard. Clay banks mean, of course, that the water out of which the fine particles were laid down, was moving very slowly, perhaps scarcely at all. Remembering, then, that deep down are the crystalline or fire-created rocks, we can read in the sandstone, the shale, the gravel and the sand that lies above them the various movings of the waters in this part of the sea, or, later, the Springfield lake. Nay, more; for at the Science Museum may be seen a specimen of stone all rippled over with the wave marks of the water that flowed back



A PIECE OF SHALE.



STRATIFIED ROCKS.

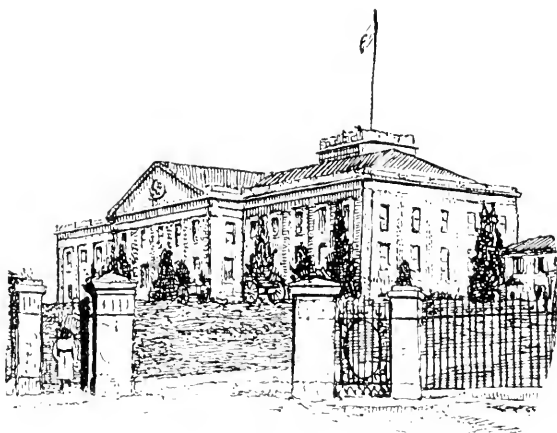
and forth over the muddy shore. Such deposits of sand, mud, clay, etc., as have been described, give to the earth, when a section of it is laid open, a kind of layer-cake effect, called stratification.

There is another thing about the geological history of Springfield that ought to be noted. The lay of the land is very far from level; what is the cause of it? The reason is in the fact that the great body of water which once flowed through the valley, being some of the time more of a lake than a river, had, at different periods, different levels and made for itself more than one set of banks.

If you will go down to the river, at the foot of State street, you will find the bank somewhat high and rather steep. The stream is well shut in and may rise and fall in spring and summer without much effect except in the lower sewers. Look across and you will see that the western bank is not so high; in a freshet the water will be covering the Agawam meadows. If it were not for the artificial bank or dyke, Merrick would then be overflowed. Nevertheless, by continual deposits of mud the river is building for itself a higher western bank. How long this process of filling the river bottom and building the river banks has gone on is unknown; but certain it is that twenty feet down in the side of a well, near the western end of the Chicopee bridge in West Springfield there lies on its side a great tree two feet in diameter.

It is the action of water, building up land in some places and wearing it away in others, that makes Springfield, in its most populous part, so uneven, yet picturesque. Imagine yourself standing at the foot of State street: turn about and go up the street to Dwight and you will then begin to ascend an incline, until, when you reach the statue of the Puritan, or better, stand in front of Christ church, you are on another

bank of the river, as it once was. Pursue your walk up State street, and entering the Armory gate, go to the brow of the hill and you can see, in imagination, a still larger river or rather, lake, stretching at your feet. Then you have passed over two levels and are on the third. It would be well if these levels were called terraces, as they are in geology. The lower one extends through the whole length of the city; the next appears near Brightwood and with Chestnut and Maple streets



A BANK OF THE ANCIENT LAKE.

at its western border, loses itself under Crescent Hill; the highest is continuous throughout the city and extends to the eastern limits. We may call the three the lower, the middle and the upper terrace. They are indicated on the map on a preceding page.

The lay of the land in Springfield is not only affected by the motion of the great body of water from north to south, but in a lesser degree by smaller currents flowing westward. If one should start at Cornell street for a walk, along the very

brow of the hill, keeping as close to it as he could, except for the houses and private grounds that would prevent it being exactly close, and end his walk at Long Hill, he would find it a long walk indeed, much longer because of the windings and turnings of the different small valleys and ravines that cut into the general line of the bank. These are the work of water, either surface water or water bursting from springs in the higher lands and cutting channels in the earth by carrying the earth itself away. In Springfield this process is pretty much stopped now, but it can still be seen going with striking effect, at a place on the old Smith farm (now Fitch farm) in Tatham in West Springfield, a place that has for years been known as the "Cave Hole." The great ravines in Forest Park were produced in this way.

Just how all the separate hills and hillocks of Springfield were made would be an interesting study and a few of them may be mentioned. Round Hill, for example, provokes a natural inquiry as to how it was made. There it is, all of sand, standing right up between its three enclosing streets. How



FLAGG'S HILLOCK AND SUMMERHOUSE.

did it come there? One explanation is that while the sand lay that much deep in the valley, strong currents flowing in the old lake washed out the sand all around and for some reason left this mass of sand standing alone. It would be interesting to guess, likewise, on the geological history of Flagg's hillock, at the bend of the Bay road beyond Oak Grove cemetery. This is the highest hill entirely within the limits of the city, being 260 feet above sea level; but the slope of Necessity Hill, at the point where the Hampden road crosses the boundary line into East Longmeadow is about sixty feet higher.

Such then were the forces,—fire, water, ice, gravitation, and heat and cold,—that make the lay of the land and the run of the water what it is in Springfield today. They were powerful forces that did a deal of rough building work, sometimes in a very rough way. But when plant life began and the sand and clay were covered with a life-giving soil, all over the plain of the upper terrace came the evergreen pine, and down on the middle terrace were chestnuts and maples and on the lower terrace, there took root those grand elms, which have not yet ceased to be the pride of the Valley. In the Science Museum may be seen a section of one that stood on Elm street, near the Hall of Records, and rose to the height of one hundred and fifteen feet. Thus a scene of geological interest became at last a scene of sylvan beauty.

Fully to appreciate these changes, climb the stairs of the Arsenal at the Armory, on a summer day, and come out on the open platform. To the east and west are the mountains that once confined the sea; to the north are Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke that remain to tell the story of volcanic outburst. Beneath is the river, the mere relic of its ancient self, but still majestic. All about is a mass of green leafage, in which more than in almost any other city, Springfield is

embowered. The crash of mountains, lifting their heads for the first time to the sky, the flash and smoking of volcanic fires, the rush of molten lava to the surface, the awful approach of the great glacier, carrying destruction on every hand, the strange huge reptiles that trod the shores of the inland sea,—are forever gone. To the chaos and disorder of the old earth's making has succeeded peace. The time is ripe for man; for human happiness and love. It was into this scene of quiet beauty that the forefathers came to establish their homes.



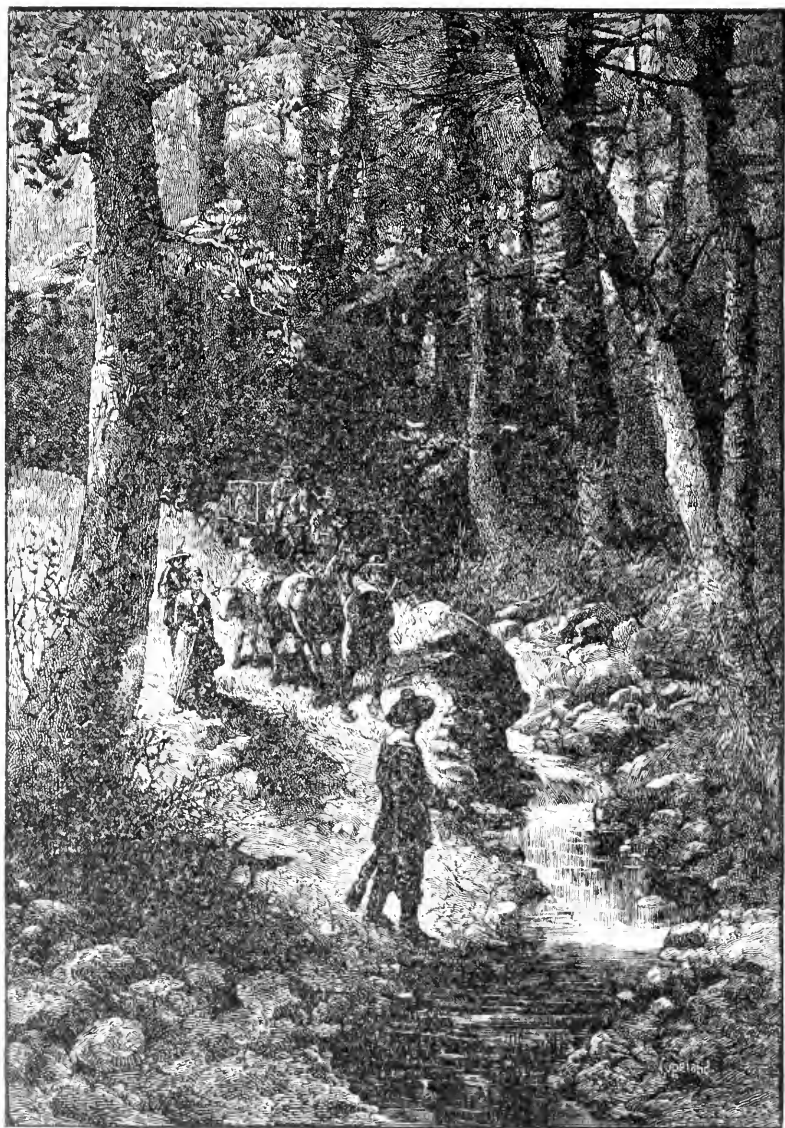
TO THE CONNECTICUT RIVER.

From that lone lake, the sweetest of the chain
That links the mountain to the mighty main,
Fresh from the rock and swelling by the tree,
Rushing to meet and dare and breast the sea—
Fair, noble, glorious river! in the wave
The sunniest slopes and sweetest pastures lave;
The mountain torrent, with its wintry roar
Springs from its home and leaps upon thy shore:—
The promontories love thee—and for this
Turn their rough cheeks and stay thee for thy kiss.

The young oak greets thee at the water's edge,
Wet by the wave, though anchored in the ledge.
—'Tis there the otter dives, the beaver feeds,
Where pensive osiers dip their willowy weeds,
And there the wild cat purrs amid her brood,
And trains them in the sylvan solitude,
To watch the squirrel's leap, or mark the mink
Paddling the water by the quiet brink;—
Or to out-gaze the gray owl in the dark,
Or hear the young fox practising to bark.

Thou dost not stay, when Winter's coldest breath
Howls through the woods and sweeps along the heath—
One mighty sigh relieves thy icy breast,
And wakes thee from the calmness of thy rest.
Down sweeps the torrent ice—it may not stay
By rock or bridge, in narrow or in bay—
Swift, swifter to the heaving sea it goes,
And leaves thee dimpling in thy sweet repose.
Yet as the unharmed swallow skims his way,
And lightly drops his pinion in thy spray,
So the swift sail shall seek thy inland seas,
And swell and whiten in thy purer breeze,
New paddles dip thy waters, and strange oars
Feather thy waves and touch thy noble shores.

—*Brainard*, 1797-1828.



THE SETTLERS' CAMP. THE WAY TO THE COLUMBIAN VALLEY.

CHAPTER II.

THE SETTLEMENT.—THE SMITHY.—THE MEETING-HOUSE.



IT WAS in mid-May of the year 1636 that the settlers of Springfield left Roxbury to find themselves a home in the valley of the Connecticut. There were not many, perhaps twenty, perhaps forty, who came at first. How many children there were we do not know; but there were at least

two. Their names were John and Mary Pyncheon. John and Mary were both under twelve years old, but old enough to walk some part of the way and some of the time they probably rode on one of their father's horses. In fact, their father, William Pyncheon, was the leader of the expedition and the founder of the new plantation. There could have been no better man for the purpose. He was alike good and true, brave and kind, and understood how to deal with white men and Indians. John and Mary grew up to be like him in many respects.

The travelers were, of course, some days, perhaps a week, on the journey; for they had only the forest path to follow, good enough for Indians, but not so good for people incumbered with luggage and traveling with horses or cattle. At night they made a camp around a blazing fire and some one

probably stayed awake to keep a lookout for Indians, while the others slept. When the morning broke, they read the Bible together and sang psalms before again starting on their way. As John and Mary Pynchon were born in England they were doubtless interested in the flowers that marked the springtime in the new world and amused themselves every day, gathering columbine, lady's slipper, wake-robin and the novel kinds of violets. Now and then they would see Jack-in-the-pulpit sticking up his head under a green canopy, and curious pitcher plant meadow-cup, not yet in bloom. In the dry woods they would pick partridge berries. As for dandelions and buttercups, that now make such a bright show in the spring, Mary and John were to reach this region quite ahead of them; for these are English plants that in after years were to spread over the country from seeds brought by the colonists.

At last the settlers arrived on the banks of the wide-rolling Connecticut. The shade of the forest was behind them and here were pleasant open spaces and rippling waters and the bright sun shining over all. To the north was a mountain, outlined against the sky somewhat like a couched lion, but later to be known by the simple name of Mount Tom. In this new home they were, perhaps, sometimes lonely, thinking of the homes over in England, but they were not exactly alone. Older inhabitants of the land were about them, the friendly Indians who lived on the banks of the Agawam and on the heights of Long Hill and who were glad that the settlers had come, and sold them land on which to build and to plant.

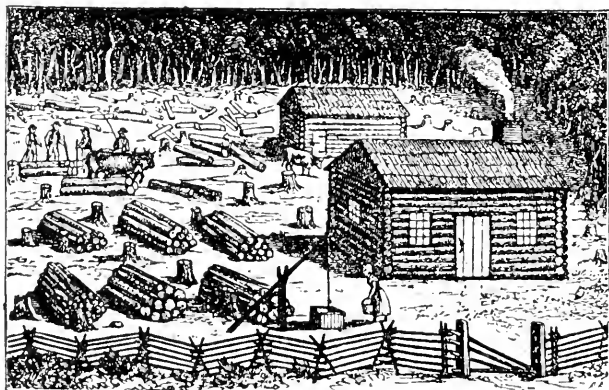
To John and Mary Pynchon the Indian children must have been both queer and interesting as they rolled down the banks in play or shot toy arrows at imaginary game. On the plains east of the river, and in fact, all about, their fathers and grandfathers, time out of memory, had chased the deer and

the rabbit and for many years to come the arrow heads that they lost in the chase will be turned out of the soil by those who never saw an Indian. A Springfield boy found one of these in the garden, years after another in a hen yard, and a third at the foot of a telegraph pole where workmen had been upturning the soil. The Indians could neither read nor write; they have gone, leaving their history untold as men write history; but the stone implements they made and the names they gave to rivers, ponds and hills, remain to tell how they lived and what they thought.

The Indians planted some corn and pease; they taught the newcomers how to make the savory succotash, and the dish and the name, just as they gave it, are likely to last. But they lived mainly by hunting and fishing and did not use much planting ground. So they were willing to sell to William Pynchon and his companions a long stretch of excellent land on both sides of the river. Their own planting grounds were at the mouth of the Agawam river, near which they cured their fish for winter use and they sold to the settlers Massack-sick, (Longmeadow), Usquaioke, which is the land in the neighborhood of Mill river, and Nayasset, the meadow land stretching north from Round Hill. All these lands were good for planting and pasture. That extending up the hills back from the river on both sides had no value to the Indians but for hunting, and they seem to have been willing that the whites should use it in common with them for that or any other purpose, like the cutting of firewood. The land was made over to the settlers by a written deed, the meaning of which was carefully explained to the Indians, and their chief men signed it by making, each, a picture at the bottom. Their pictures included an arrow, a canoe, a bow and a feather, things of everyday Indian use. The price paid was ten

fathom of wampum, ten coats, ten hoes, ten hatchets and ten knives.

Why did the settlers choose this place right here in the valley, close by a tribe of savages, instead of establishing themselves on the highlands or remote from the river? First, because the land, all Massacksick, Usquaiook and Nayasset, was excellent land for cultivation; and, again, because being near the river was like being today on the line of a railroad. The Indians were continually going up and down the stream in their canoes and, by the river, beaver and other skins could be sent away to market and other goods brought from Boston or England. Mr. Pynchon was a shrewd trader and made much money by buying skins of the Indians to send away. The beaver, almost humanly wise in building its curious dams, has been, of course, long since gone, and is not now found nearer than northern Maine; but in those days, the region about and above Westfield was the heart of the beaver country, for the valley trade. The otter, (page 18) a fish-eating animal, was once common, but is now very rare hereabouts.



A SETTLEMENT WITH WELLSWEEP AND VIRGINIA RAIL FENCE.

Just where the houses of the settlers should be on this great tract of land which they bought was, of course, an important question. At first they expected to settle on the Agawam meadows, and, in fact, had put up one house there; but the Indians told them that the meadows were flooded in high water; so they decided in favor of the east side of the "Great River," as they began to call the Connecticut, and they did, in fact, call it by no other name for a hundred years. From Round Hill and above, down to Mill river lay a good stretch of plough land, good for corn and wheat, and right across the stream was ample pasture. This meadow land was bounded on the east by a long narrow marsh, so full of hummocks that they began to call it "hassocky marsh." It occupied land between the present Main street and the line of Chestnut and Maple streets. Its west boundary was the brook mentioned in the previous chapter. It must have been somewhat troublesome and of course was filled long since; but by jumping from one hummock to another, the high and dry land could be reached, where there was a heavy growth of trees, some of them probably maple and chestnut: so that Maple and Chestnut streets are properly named.

From these trees could be cut wood for the fire or timbers for canoes; but good, large canoe timber was so scarce that after a man, with much labor had got a canoe made, he was not allowed to sell it out of the town without consent of the inhabitants. It having been decided where the street should be, the houses all on the west side, each settler's land extended in a rectangular form eastward from his house across the marsh to the upper terrace and westward across the river for some distance into the meadows there. A century and a half were to pass before there would be a bridge over the stream. Connecting the street with the river was a narrow

lane in the line of the present Elm street and another which is the present Cypress street. At the foot of the first lane, close to the river, were the training field, the burying ground and the pound. Another lane was opened to the "lower landing" at York street.

Nothing has been told us about the early house building, but many settlements resembling that in the picture have



THATCHING THE SHED.

been made in New England and other parts of the country. It was warm weather and at first there were probably rude camps, made of the boughs of trees. The first house was presumably of logs, the cracks filled with clay or mortar to keep out the

cold. For a roof there would be a thatch of straw or grass. When the long snowy winter began, so unlike the short open winters in England, where flowers sometimes bloom in February, they perhaps felt very comfortably settled. It may be that some of the first houses were not of logs. The falls in Mill river were set to work as soon as the machinery of a saw mill could be got from Boston; and the result was boards and shingles and clapboards, for those who could afford them. When the first crop of grain had been raised and threshed out with the flail, the same little stream was set to the grinding. No wonder that they called it Mill river, regardless of the Indian name. Its mills were all in all

to them, for now, thanks to it, they had good housing and wholesome living.

In some respects, indeed, they lived better than in the old country. They had to get used to much colder winters; and many conveniences which they had enjoyed before, they could not have here. But the land easily gave them enough to eat in greater plenty than England could have done; partly because of their cultivated fields, partly because of the wild game, such as quail, partridge, ducks and pigeons. In fall and spring the pigeons passed over sometimes in such numbers as almost to darken the sky. These they caught in nets. Game birds were shot with a fowling piece for scattering the shot among a number of birds at once, like that on the shoulder of Miles Morgan in the Court Square statue. If woodchucks or moles became troublesome to the crops, there was a simple way of catching them by bending down a slender staddle



fitted with a slipnoose and slightly fastening the end by a peg. When the offender nibbled the bait and was caught, he was jerked into the air and hung suspended.

Established at last in the wilderness, all alone except for a few Indians, how was it that the forefathers, grown-ups and children, employed themselves? What did they do for work

and play? There was plenty of work: cutting down trees for firewood; hollowing great logs for canoes; planting corn in spring, hoeing it in summer and husking and threshing it in the autumn; boxing pine trees on the plains and making the oozing pitch into tar and rosin; cutting grass for hay and getting it into stacks for winter use. In these things the young folks, and even children, must have had an important share. The many mechanical helps to labor in these days were lacking and it was a time when "many hands make light work," even little hands.

In that day and, indeed, well along into the nineteenth century, boys and girls had to invent and make many more of their playthings than they do now, when so much is done by machinery. Girls could make rude dolls and boys make traps and snares and little water wheels and pin boxes out of the stems of elderwood. Here is an English boy of five hundred years ago who probably made the windmill he is whirling, just such a one as boys make now; and below is "Mary Bump,"

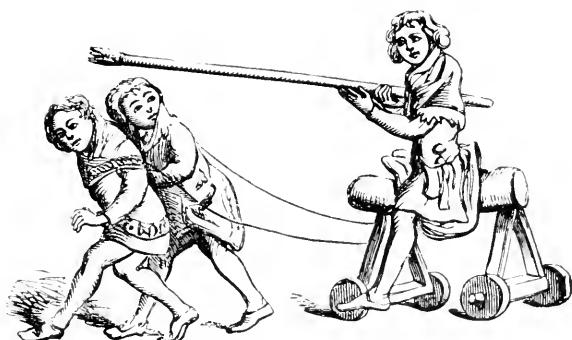


an aged Springfield doll. Her body is a corn-cob. There was not much art but there was invention and imagination, and it is from these, in the end, that art comes.

Some of the comforts of the old country were wanting, but they were more than made up in the spirit of freedom and independence in a land where some great lord could not turn the people off the soil if he chose, and where they could worship God in the way they pleased.



It was not so in England. Only Mr. Pynchon had been a landholder there and not many years after the settlement of Springfield the fierce struggle going on in England for political and religious liberty ended in a civil war, which cost King Charles his crown and life. The fact that the settlers here had land for the using of it made them all farmers, whatever calling they had followed in the old country. To cultivate the soil was the most natural

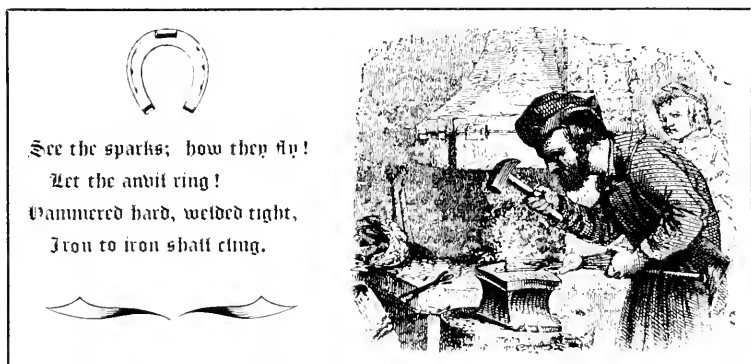


OLD-TIME ENGLISH CHILDREN PLAYING HORSE.

and easy thing to do. At first there was no minister (we are speaking of all the early times) who was not also something of a farmer, as many ministers were even down to Dr. Osgood in the nineteenth century.

But there is one trade which is very necessary even to a small community of farmers; there are horses and oxen to be shod, plows mended and all sorts of farming and domestic implements to be repaired, and in a place so far away from the rest of the world as Springfield, these would sometimes need to be made on the spot. For all this there was need of a blacksmith. After ten years had passed no one had come to the settlement who could do this work or do it well. There

are many kinds of smiths, like whitesmiths and locksmiths, and how many people gave especial attention to smithery is plain when one stops to consider how common is the name of Smith. But the blacksmith is, in a young settlement like Springfield, the most important of all. The townspeople felt that they must have a blacksmith, and just as one puts up a bird box expecting the birds to come and nest in it, they actually paid Francis Ball in wheat for building a blacksmith shop when there was no smith in sight. It had a chimney and forge, and one door and a window. There were rings in the chimney.



The building done, Mr. Pyncheon, through his agent in London, bought a blacksmith; a strange thing to do, but this is the way it came about. There was war between England and Scotland and in the battle of Dunbar the Scotch were defeated and many of them brought as prisoners to England. Not knowing what to do with them, the English, following the custom of those days, sold them into slavery, but not a slavery for life. In the end they were to be free. Such was the lot of John Stewart, who was sent to Mr. Pyncheon in this plantation and at once established in the new smithy. This

was a great blessing to the village and, one can well imagine, a source of never ending interest to its children. There is a charming mystery in the union of two pieces of red hot metal, whose explanation, if there be one other than the power and mystery of God himself, lies far back in the secret laws and workings of nature.

All that Longfellow has written of the Village Blacksmith,

“A mighty man is he
With large and sinewy hands,”

was doubtless true of John Stewart, as all the children believed, when they looked in at the open door. When the blacksmith had paid by his work for his passage over the sea and the other expenses Mr. Pyncheon had incurred for him, he was given his freedom by Pyncheon and the town presented him with the smithy.

About the time that the smithy was built it was decided to build a meeting-house. Before this, when the townsmen met to make rules for the plantation, or all the people met for worship, they had gathered in a private house, or in summer, perhaps, under some wide-spreading tree. Everything was as yet very simple as compared with the old country, where they had churches of stone, some of them quite beautiful with tower and colored windows, and curious carvings without and within. Notice the contrast between the churches represented on these pages. In the simplicity of the new world one building must serve for all public gatherings, be it public worship or town meeting. So they spoke not of the church,



GARGOYLE OR EAVESPUT,
STONEY STRATFORD, ENG.

but called the building the "meeting-house." In the language of the law, in Massachusetts, this is the word still used. Town and church were pretty much the same in the early days of New England and the whole village supported the one and only minister.

It was planned that the meeting-house should be forty feet long and twenty-five feet wide; that it should have two floors or stories, the lower one to be nine feet high. For a time the upper one was used for storing grain, until, at last, the people began to be afraid that the heavy weight would come down upon them and they took away the floor and built galleries round about the sides. But this was not for several years. The building having been planned, it was decided that it should be placed on the spot which is now the southeast corner of Court Square. Thomas Cooper was employed as the contractor who should construct it. He agreed to take his pay in wheat, pease, pork, wampum, debts and labor. It is easy to see from this what, in those days, was most common in passing from hand to hand. Not a penny of English money was to be paid for building the meeting-house; it was too scarce. Wampum was the money of the Indians and made of shells. Upon the meeting-house there were built two turrets or little towers. One was for the bell; in the other a watchman could stay during service or at other times, should the Indians be hostile, and watch lest some Indian thief steal into the village or even a whole war party make a sudden dash into the street.

In order that we may see all the townspeople gathered together, in these early days, let us make in imagination our attendance at the meeting-house at the hour of public worship on some Sunday. The sacred day had begun at sundown of Saturday and will end when the Sunday's sun has set behind

the Berkshire hills. It is, we will say, the year 1663. Passing along the main street and turning down the lane that has since been widened and called Elm street, we enter, as all the people do, by the side door on the south. There seems to have been no door opposite the pulpit. We find ourselves directly under one of the galleries. Some of the people are



CHURCH OF OLD SPRINGFIELD, ENGLAND.

already seated and others are coming in. They know it is the time of service, not because they have any clocks or watches (most of them), but because John Mathews has been beating the drum up and down the street and because the bell in the turret is now ringing.

The people are seating themselves just where it has been voted that they shall sit. Anyone who should sit elsewhere would be liable to a fine of three shillings and four pence.

We are taken up the alley, as they called it, on the south side and are shown into a seat not far from the pulpit. Just before us, in the front seat, are some of the selectmen, among them Thomas Cooper, the builder of the house. Back of us is Thomas Day, who had married his daughter, Sarah, but neither Sarah Day nor her mother is sitting with the husband. In those days it was not thought proper that the women should sit with the men, and the women all found seats together. Up in the gallery we notice Miles Morgan in the place where the selectmen have appointed him to be in order to check any disorder among the boys or young men. Most of them are sitting there. Next the pulpit, in the deacon's seat, distinguished in some way from the other seats, is Deacon Chapin. Just how he looked or how Miles Morgan looked, if one gazed directly into their faces, nobody knows; but the statues in their honor show us what kind of men they were, what sort of garments they wore and how they appeared as they went about the town. The sculptor has represented Deacon Chapin on his way to "meeting" and Miles Morgan going afield with his hoe and fowling piece.

Most of the people whom we see in the audience are of English birth or descent, but Reice Bedortha probably came from Wales and John Riley was from Ireland. Peter Swink, who sits under the gallery, is a black man in the family of Mr. Pyncheon and in the seventh seat is John Stewart, the Scotchman. Longfellow writes of the village blacksmith that

" He goes on Sunday to the church
And sits among his boys."

but our blacksmith seems not to have been blessed with any family except his wife. We may suppose, though, that when

at his smithy he made friends with the children who

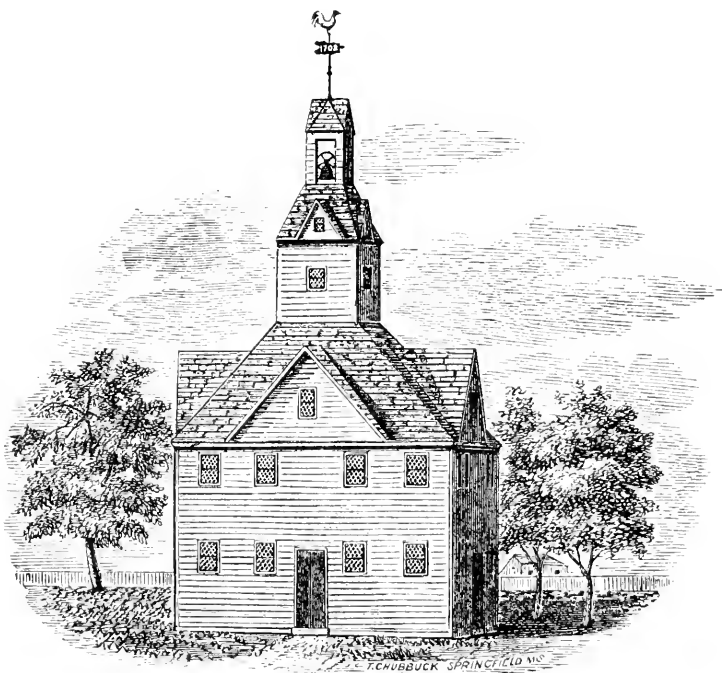
“coming from school,
Looked in at the open door,”

if, indeed, there was a school in those days.

We notice an especial seat, which we are afterwards told was made for a guard of soldiers, and therefore called “the guard’s seat.” No guard now occupies it, for the Indian war, that raged in the Connecticut colony about the time when the town was settled, is long since over and the Springfield Indians have always been peaceable; so the guard’s seat is occupied by boys, who like to get together in it or to sit on the pulpit stairs. Anthony Dorchester sits with them to keep order, for even old time boys were mischievous. Sometimes on week days they broke the meeting-house windows in their games, and this meant a fine of twelve pence apiece.

In some of the New England churches wealth and rank determined where people should be seated. This was at times and perhaps always, to a certain extent, regarded in Springfield; but not so much as in some other places. Age was also regarded. As much as the forefathers loved freedom and as much as they, in their sturdy principles, have done to promote equal rights for all, they were not yet free from many old world notions about rank and the importance of property in giving a standing in society. Outside the church these things are very liable to be wrongly estimated, but inside it might be supposed that those who studied the Bible would remember what is there said: “The rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all.” Yet even as late as the early part of the last century, in the old white church of West Springfield, an all-compelling custom did not admit of a young

woman taking a front seat in the gallery where the unmarried women sat, unless she wore a silk gown, and of course some could never afford it. Thus sometimes do men forget that God is no respecter of persons and only a pure heart counts in his sight.



FIRST MEETING-HOUSE IN WEST SPRINGFIELD.

Soon the minister enters. He wears a black gown and white neck band. As he approaches the pulpit stairs, the boys who are sitting there give way and he mounts to his high seat. He prays and reads from the big Bible and then begins his sermon. There is no clock; but by him stands the hour glass, and, if the sermon is very long, he has to turn the glass and

start the sand running again. Sermons were long in those days. Paper, too, was scarce and costly, and for this reason they were written so fine that they had to be read slowly. When the minister has finished the people pass reverently out, pursuing their several ways up and down the village road, which is indeed the Main street, but almost the only

one. Some of the boys have stopped on the edge of the has-socky marsh and are looking into the brook. They are planning to drop a fish line in there tomorrow. Perhaps, if they cross the



marsh, they will flush a crane.

A smithy had been built and a meeting-house, but as yet, after the lapse of forty years, there had been no schoolhouse. We read in the town records of no teacher paid by the town. Perhaps there were, irregularly, dame schools, taught by some woman, who like Goody Two Shoes, received her pay directly from the parents. The most that the children learned was probably reading and writing, and it was not common for girls to write. Even some of the men, as Miles Morgan, could not write. In 1675 there arrived in the town one Daniel Denton, who was qualified to teach.



A DAME SCHOOL.

In other days
Our fathers learned the horn-book and the rule,
They toed the line or topped the dunce's stool;
An ancient dame presided as they read,
And if they erred, her thimble rapped each head;
Each little girl a sampler made, in time,
And wrought thereon her simple faith, in rhyme.

Esther W. Bates.

He was at once employed for this purpose. He wrote a fair hand and was chosen to write the records of the town business. For a time he taught in a private house. Then a schoolhouse was built. It may seem strange that it was placed on the upper Ferry lane, now Cypress street; but the land was well taken up at the center of the village

Daniel Denton

AUTOGRAPH OF THE FIRST
SCHOOLMASTER.

and then, again, the children would be coming from not only as far south as Long Hill or Longmeadow, but as far north as Chicopee.

After a while a rule was made that for every child in attendance the parent must furnish a load of wood for the schoolhouse fires. It was a simple school, not of much value for older boys and girls, perhaps. There was reading, writing and spelling, and perhaps some arithmetic; and if Daniel Denton came from England, as perhaps he did, he had something to tell the children of the Old World which they would never see and of which there were no newspapers and very few books to tell them. There were no Sunday schools in those days and perhaps the best teaching in the school was concerning the great things of God such as those set forth in the following verses, which were taught to some of the Springfield children in the nineteenth century by Dr. Peabody, of whom we shall read later on.



THE WORKS OF GOD.

To be Spoken by Children.

The God in whom I ever trust
Hath made my body from the dust;
He gave me life, he gave me breath,
And he preserves me still from death.

He made the sun, and gave him light;
He made the moon to shine by night;
He placed the brilliant stars on high,
And leads them through the midnight sky.

He made the earth in order stand;
He made the ocean and the land;
He made the hills their places know,
And gentle rivers round them flow.

He made the forest, and sustains
The grass that clothes the fields and plains;
He sends from heaven the summer showers,
And makes the meadows bright with flowers.

He made the living things; with care
He feeds the wanderers of the air;
He gave the beasts their dens and caves;
And fish their dwelling in the waves.

He called all beings into birth
That crowd the ocean, air, and earth;
And all in heaven and earth proclaim
The glory of his holy name.

—*Peabody*, 1799-1847



LES FEMMES DE GOODWILL. ALFRED ASSOLANT.



CHAPTER III.

THE EARLY GOVERNMENT.—THE PYNCHON FAMILY.—WITCHCRAFT.

WE HAVE already seen that the meeting-house was the town house as well as the church; here the men of the plantation met to arrange all its business. One who did not come or who was late had a fine to pay. Even Deacon Chapin was fined for an absence, such was the importance which the forefathers placed upon a careful attention to public affairs. In our own day the President of the United States has often set the example for others by leaving his

pressing duties at Washington and travelling many hundred miles, in order to cast his vote, a vote that counted among the thousands no more than any other.

After eight years the plantation decided to place its affairs in the hands of a committee, a committee which should be chosen once a year; so they selected Henry Smith, Thomas Cooper, Samuel Chapin, Richard Sikes and Henry Burt, to serve for the first year. They were called "select townsmen" or "selectmen" and were given power "to order anything that they shall judge best for the good of the town." After that the voters generally met only once or twice a year. Some of the declared duties of the selectmen were to lay out public highways, make bridges, repair highways, see to the scouring of ditches, to the killing of wolves, and to the training of children in some good calling. Some of these duties, like the laying out of streets, still belong to the city council and some have become obsolete.

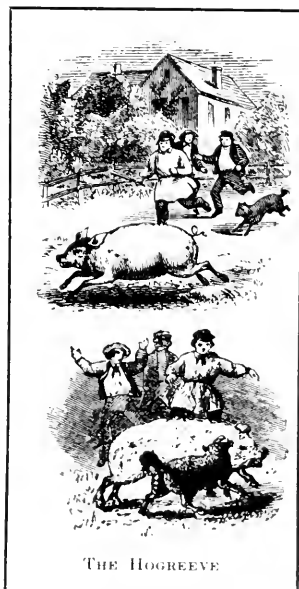
It seems odd to read about the scouring of ditches, for ditches are more used in the old countries, especially in Holland, for the dividing of lots, than here; but it was necessary to keep the town brook clean, for in it the villagers washed their fresh-killed beef and pork, and from it, to some extent, they probably got water for domestic purposes. For two centuries the town brook was a very useful institution and deserves to be remembered.

The selectmen were especially charged with the killing of wolves, for these were a great trouble, howling and hungry when their food was scarce and picking up cattle and stray pigs that happened to be in the outlands. The town owned a wolf trap. Its stout jaws, hidden by a screen of leaves, when stepped on by the unwary animal, would come together with a powerful snap and hold him by the leg. He could be

baited by a bleating lamb as in the picture. Another scheme was to so adjust a gun that it would go off when the wolf stepped on a certain spot, to get the bait of meat; but occasionally an innocent cow got killed instead of the wolf. A large reward, equal in money of today to about ten dollars, was paid by the town for every wolf killed and the slayer had to bring the ears, or the head or the tail of the beast to the selectmen for proof.

In those days children were more disturbed with stories about wolves than bears, but when in later years, the wolves had been killed off, bears began to be troublesome, for they liked pig pork, butchered by themselves, too well; so a reward was offered for bears and also for catamounts or panthers. It was not only the wild animals that the selectmen had to look after. Everybody kept pigs and the porkers were always watching for a chance to roam about and root up pastures and break through fences with their strong snouts. In the fall they were looking for acorns, just as they do now in the southern states. So the town ordered that they should wear a yoke and have a ring in the nose.

It must have been difficult to make a yoke stay on a pig and many were careless about it; so John Stewart, the blacksmith, was given power to catch every stray pig that was not yoked and rung, and then having put a yoke on his neck and a ring in his nose, to collect pay of



the owner. A man who looked after swine in this way was called a hogreeve and for a long period hogreeves were annually chosen. There were also officers called field drivers, who were to take to the town pound any horse or cow found straying, especially if doing damage. The pound was on the northwestern part of what is now Court Square and was in charge of a pound-keeper. In after years it was on the spot where now Pleasant street is located.

Another duty of the selectmen was that of perambulation. Perambulation is a very long word for a very long walk which is sometimes necessary in order to set right the boundary lines of a town. In our time, upon every road leading out of Springfield, except where the boundary is a river, may be found a substantial stone, marking the division between the city and the next town; but in early times the lines were marked in a very rude way and on the occasion of one perambulation the book of the town records reads that "we first marked a little white oak by a pine stump, then next the bottom of the hill we marked a pine staddle and laid stones upon a rock and just over the brook we marked an ash staddle and then next a pine tree standing on the south side of the county road and laid a heap of stones on a flat rock in the road."

This custom, known as "beating the bounds," the settlers brought from the old country where perambulation from very ancient days had been attended with great ceremony. The lord of the manor, with a large banner borne before him, priests in white gowns and with crosses carried aloft and others with bells and banners, followed by many people, walked in procession around the bounds of the entire parish, singing and stopping to take refreshments and having a gala time generally. The procession kept to the exact bounds through fields and even directly through a dooryard, or

even a house, if it stood on the line. If a river formed the boundary, the procession walked along the shore, while some of the party stripped off their clothes and swam alongside, or, if the stream was navigable, some persons rowed along in boats. Sometimes boys were thrown into it at certain places. When a wall, or tree, or post was near the line, boys were swung against it and bumped. These were called "bumping places" and when the boys became old men their testimony, as to the location of the line, was considered especially valuable, as to any point where they had been bumped. Perambulation of town boundaries is still the law in Massachusetts; but the towns were too large and the people too full of serious work for ceremony and the woods and swamps too numerous to make perambulation anything more than an occasional attempt to see that the bounds were all right.

In the beginning of the previous chapter it was said that William Pynchon was the founder of Springfield and that he was good, and wise and kind. We must now return to him. While John and Mary Pynchon are growing up to manhood and womanhood, he has remained the chief man of the plantation. He was the richest man in it, in fact, the only man who had any considerable wealth. He had the most land and the most cattle. Of the cattle, Mrs. Pynchon took the immediate charge, and if she was like many farmers' wives of the early times, she had a good many cows to milk with her own hands and some of the churning to do. Her husband, though a planter, was more prominently a merchant and had to spend much time in fur trade with the Indians and seeing



to the importation from Boston or Europe of things that the settlers needed and could not make. Besides, he owned the mills which ground the corn and sawed the logs on Mill river.

And then, again, he was obliged to spend much time in the public service, because he was the man best fitted to do it, as everybody acknowledged. He was the judge before whom all the people brought their disputes for trial at law. He was a member of the General Court, which met at Boston and made laws for the whole colony. Although he lived away up here, several days' journey through the woods from Boston, he was held responsible, as treasurer of the colony, for whatever money belonged to the Colonial government.

It is a very important fact that the Indians, who, if they had been wrongfully treated might have caused much trouble, found in him one who would do exact justice between them and the whites. For fear of him as a judge, an Indian feared to wrong a white man and because of him and his just ways in trade they liked to deal with the white man. Pyncheon feared no man; but he feared God and was a man of good will toward men. When the people met for town business it was he who was always chosen to preside. He lived in a wooden house on the spot which would now be the corner of Main and Fort streets and next north was the house of his trusted friend, Thomas Cooper. Posterity is fortunate in the existence of a portrait of him, painted from life. It is now in the Essex Institute, at Salem. He is the only citizen of Springfield, in its first century, the likeness of whose face is known.

Like many good men who are called upon, by their high position, to do difficult things and sometimes to oppose the wishes of other people in doing them, there were those who did not understand and admire William Pyncheon. But they

did not live in Springfield. Some of them lived in Hartford. At a certain time, when grain was very scarce, it was necessary for the people of Hartford, Windsor and this plantation to buy corn of the Indians. Mr. Pynchon was given power, by all the towns of the valley below, to buy corn for them all at a certain price and if he could not buy it at the price, to offer more. The Indians held off and would not sell at a price that was reasonable. Mr. Pynchon did not buy; he thought it not best that the Indians should know of the weakness of the colonists; and he did not wish to disturb the market price for corn, feeling that this would be bad, not only for his own trade with them in the future, but for all the colonists. He believed in suffering some present loss, in order to keep a lasting gain. The people of Springfield believed with him, but those of Hartford did not.

Both towns were suffering for lack of grain, and the cattle were getting poor,—Mr. Pynchon's, like those of everybody else. Still Pynchon stood firm. He felt that the white man must be firm and self-sufficient in presence of the savage; and there were Indians up and down the valley who had done much injury to the whites in the Pequot war and might, and in fact did, later, do more. Connecticut had conquered the Indians with the sword, but Pynchon believed in the arts of peace. He believed in suffering for the sake of peace; in getting people to do the things they ought to or the things that one wants them to do, of their own free will and not by force. Springfield was more exposed to dangers of the Indians and to the evil results of disturbing the regular course of trade with them than Hartford.

So Springfield and Hartford differed about this matter and Hartford sent up Captain Mason, a famous Indian fighter, with money in one hand and sword in the other, as it were.

He was ready to give a higher price for the corn or to fight the Indians if they would not sell. They felt obliged to yield. Mr. Pyncheon suffered many hard words from Hartford and Windsor about the matter, but Massachusetts stood by him, as especially did his own town, and in his honor the name of the plantation was changed from Agawam to Springfield, which was the name of his old home in England. In the parish church of old Springfield may be seen an ancient tablet bearing his name as one of the church wardens.

After this Mr. Pyncheon again found himself in difficulties with the neighboring colony. That colony had a fort at the mouth of the river, kept for protection against the Indians and Dutch, and insisted that Pyncheon's boats should pay toll when they passed it. The tolls were to go towards its maintenance. This Mr. Pyncheon would have been willing to do if both Massachusetts and Connecticut could have had control of the fort; but he did not relish the idea of taxation without representation, an idea against which all the colonies afterwards revolted and thus brought on the Revolution. So he refused to pay toll. Massachusetts stood by him and required a toll on Connecticut ships sailing into Boston harbor. Then Connecticut gave way.

But now came real trouble for William Pyncheon; for even Massachusetts, except Springfield, turned against him. William Pyncheon was not only a man of wisdom and peace but of godliness. For this reason he thought and studied much on the goodness of God to his children and the duty that they owed to Him. He loved and studied the Bible and had his own thoughts about it. Here in his house on Main street he wrote a book which he got printed in London and which gave his thoughts on these things. It was called "The Meritorious Price of Our Redemption."

Some copies of this book came to America and three copies are still in existence, one of them in the Boston Athenæum. Because this book was, in some respects, contrary to the opinions then held, it caused much excitement, particularly in Boston and the neighboring towns. The General Court condemned it. By order of this court the book was publicly burned in Boston and its author removed from his position of judge at Springfield.



BURNING OF PYNCHON BOOK.

All these unhappy results of Mr. Pynchon's desire to set before the world what he believed to be the truth were a serious blow to him. He had the best intentions and, perhaps, supposed that his efforts to do good would be met with a spirit of kindness. On the other hand he found himself

punished and in the way of continued persecution. For himself he might have endured this. Already there had been thorns as well as roses in his path. Founding a settlement in the wilderness and being mainly responsible for its safety and happiness had not been easy. Yet he was not a man who would sacrifice the public's interests for his own. He apparently thought that though the settlement would suffer somewhat if he left it, yet, under all the circumstances, the responsibility had better be thrown on younger men, after his own leadership had become so much interfered with as, perhaps, to be an embarrassment to his fellow townsmen. Looking back from the long future and in view of the after career of his eldest son, who was early thrown upon his own resources, it really does seem that William Pynchon chose, for Springfield, what was the wisest course, in deciding to return to England, which he did in the year 1652. With him went his friend and minister, Mr. Moxon, and his own daughter Sarah, with her husband, Henry Smith. Thus ended the public career of one of the truly great colonial leaders, to whose character and the character of those whom he naturally drew about him, much of the stability and purity of the public and private life of Springfield has always been, and let us hope, for a long time to come, will be due. When Springfield learns what she owes to him, his statue will be seen in one of her public places.

It was a dark day for Springfield when William Pynchon, Mr. Moxon and Henry Smith set out to spend the rest of their lives in England. It was the loss of the leaders. Other and younger men must now be called upon and it remains to be seen how well they would fulfill their duties. As it turned out, there were good men and true to do what the lost leaders had done, namely, to work together for the good of the town.

As we look back we see that of these men, the four most prominent were John Pynchon, Samuel Chapin, Elijah Holyoke and Thomas Cooper. Others there were who worked loyally with them. Deacon Chapin and Thomas Cooper we know already as selectmen. Who was Elijah Holyoke? In answering this last question we will take our last glimpse of Mary Pynchon. Hers is the first girl's name of any we know among the very first settlers and we could wish that more



Upon a bank of violets sweet,
Shakespeare.

was known about her. When she came from England she was about the age of the girl in this picture. Soon after she had crossed the ocean to the New World her own mother died and it was after her father had married again that she came to Springfield. As she grew into girlhood so attractive was she that when she was but fifteen years of age Elijah Holyoke of Hartford asked for her to

be his wife. Her father giving his consent, young Holyoke removed to Springfield and they lived happily together for seventeen years until her death.

In Holland's story "The Bay Path," there is much that is imaginary about Mary Pynchon, but aside from what is here told, scarcely anything more is known than is contained on the stone at her grave in the cemetery:

"She that lies here was, while she stood,
A very glory of womanhood."

It was for either her husband or her son, Captain Holyoke, that the mountain was named.

But the hopes of the town might well have been placed on John Pynchon, who had many of his father's qualities of character and some others that were equally useful. Though born in England, he was but a boy when, after the long ocean voyage, he first saw the New World, and he grew up truly an American. Perhaps he could not, like his father, read the Bible in the original Hebrew; and he may have known nothing of Latin and Greek, all of which William Pynchon had learned at the University of Oxford. It may be, too, that his father had taught him something of these things. There is good reason for supposing that he was studious as a boy and when he became a young man he was so much of a scholar that he was sometimes expected to preach a sermon of his own writing in the years when the people met for worship, without any minister. On other occasions, Deacon Chapin or another would read a printed sermon of some clergyman.

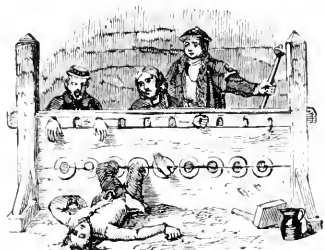


But John Pynchon had other training which was, perhaps, more useful to Springfield. He had grown up alongside the Indian boys who lived on Long Hill and the Agawam side and well knew the Indian character. This, in the trying times

that afterwards arose with the Indians was of much consequence. Sometimes he was called upon to settle differences between the Indians and other settlements, even as far west as Albany. The Indians called him "brother Pynchon." No likeness of him remains, as boy or man. In those days of hard struggle for a livelihood, probably none was ever made, but the picture on the previous page shows how he might have looked, in his earlier years, studious boy as he was.

As the successor of his father, John Pynchon became the great merchant and trader of the valley. His vessels went down the river with merchandise to be landed at his own wharf in Boston. As an incident of his extensive operations with the Indians and others he furnished a good deal of work to the women and children of Springfield by giving them shells to string into wampum at a given price per fathom. These shells were either white or blue-black and were gathered by Indians on the shores of Long Island. Having been duly shaped they were sent to Springfield to Pynchon and sold to him by the bushel. On being strung they became wampum, the money of the Indians, and also to a large extent of the settlers. Their value arose from the fact that they were so much used by the Indians for ornaments, just as the value of gold arises from the fact that, worthless as it is in the most useful arts, it is universally in demand for jewelry and, like the peculiar wampum shells, very scarce as compared with other metals. From a study of John Pynchon's account books, the historian, Judd, has stated that over 20,000 fathoms of wampum were strung by the women and children of this vicinity. As six feet make one fathom we have a string of beads which would reach from Court Square in Springfield through West Springfield to the Holyoke City Hall and back again through Chicopee.

Besides being merchant and preacher, John Pynchon was also the recorder or register of deeds, the presiding officer in town meeting and the captain of the train band. He was also the judge before whom suits at law were tried and by whom law breakers were sentenced. There were some laws that he had to execute and some punishments that he had to inflict that seem strange to us. An ordinary punishment was standing in the stocks, an instrument of discomfort so put together that the feet, arms and neck of the culprit were pinned to a fixed position and his face exposed to public ridicule. The whipping post, even down to a late period, was a prominent object on the street and to it some of the wrong-doers were tied and whipped on the bare back. One of the rules of the army of Massachusetts was that, if any soldier should blaspheme, his tongue should be bored with a hot iron; but probably this punishment was not inflicted. Men were fined for wearing long hair and women were fined for wearing better clothes than they could afford.



STOCKS.

One of the most interesting trials that ever took place in Springfield occurred in the last years in which Judge William Pynchon held Court. It was the trial of Hugh Parsons for witchcraft. In England many thousand people had been hanged because they were thought to be witches in league with the evil one to injure others. In Springfield this suspicion fell on Hugh Parsons, whose house was at the south end of the street, near Mill river.

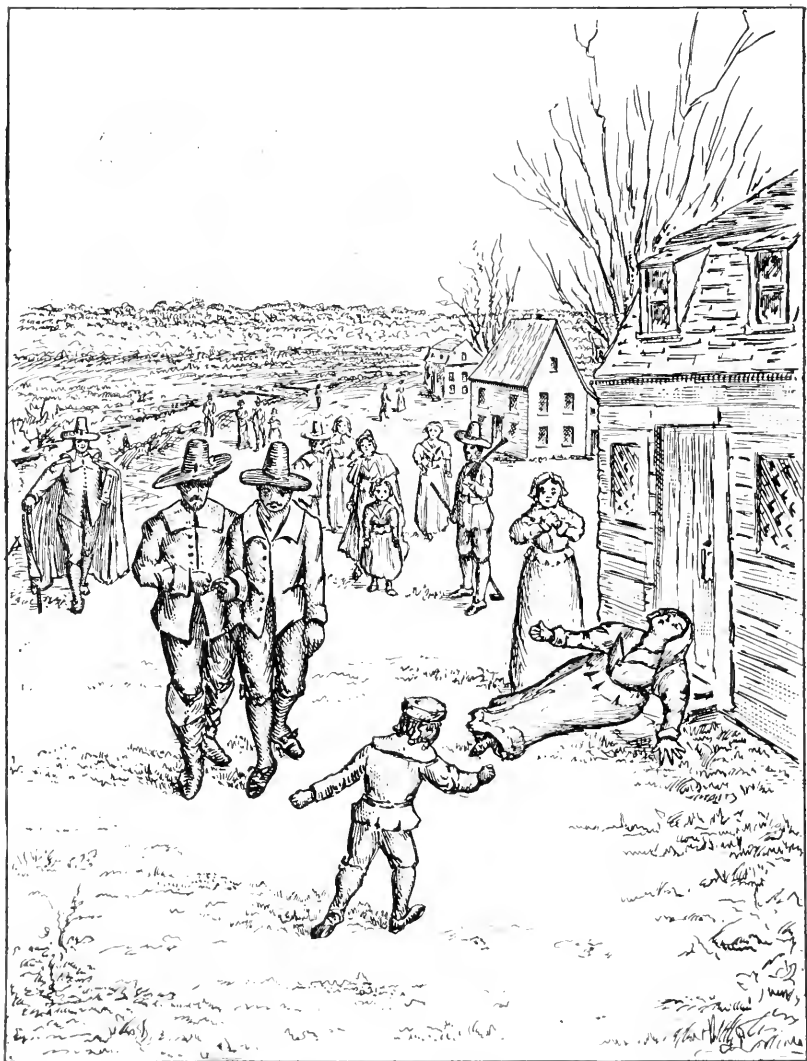
Witches were always supposed to be ugly in appearance. Parsons was not a very agreeable man and probably not good

looking. He was a brick mason and used to wear a red coat. Having, for some reason, got provoked with Blanche Bedortha, he said to her, "Gammer, I shall remember you when you little think on it." Parsons probably forget all about it, but no so Blanche Bedortha. She kept thinking of him and wondering if he was casting the evil eye upon her. Everything strange



WITCHES.

that happened she laid to Hugh Parsons aided by the devil. She looked out on the marsh, where Mill river entered the Connecticut and saw strange lights. No doubt it was innocent "Will-o-the-Wisp." One night, when she went to bed in the dark, some sparks came from her flannel waistcoat, such little sparks as electricity brings in cold weather. But she knew nothing of phosphorescence and electricity; neither did her neighbors; so they began to think that Hugh Parsons was really a witch. The belief spread up the street, encouraged by every trifling coincidence. Parsons called at Mr. Edwards' house for milk and soon after the cow dried up. George Lancton took a bag pudding out of the pot and, laying it on



"Ah, Witch! Ah, Witch!"

the table, it separated right in the middle. Jonathan Taylor dreamed that he saw snakes on the floor and that one of them with a black and yellow stripe hit him on the forehead, when a voice like that of Parsons seemed to cry "Death."

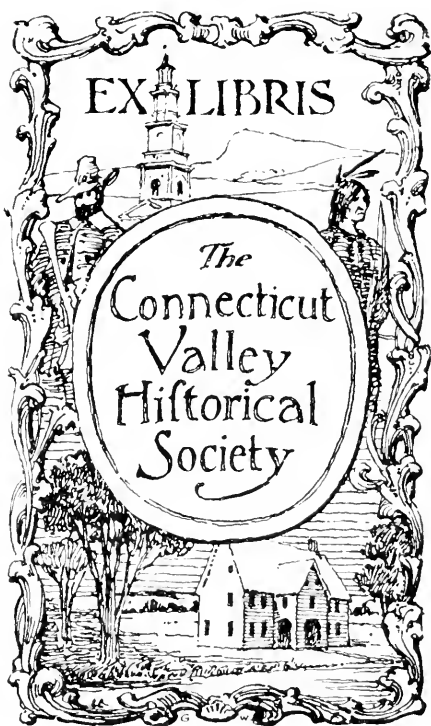
By this time the excitement was great and Parsons was arrested. As the constable was taking him past the house of Goody Stebbins, (where is now the southeast corner of Court Square), on the way to Judge Pyncheon's, she cried out, "Ah, witch! Ah, witch!" and fell in a fit. At the hearing before the Court it was decided that, on account of the importance of the case, Parsons must be sent to Boston where he would be tried on the charge of having "had familiar and wicked converse with the devil." His trial was accordingly held there and he was convicted by the jury, but he was finally acquitted by the General Court. Naturally he never returned to Springfield. In the picture the course of the town brook is seen and, in the distance, the wooded heights of the upper terrace from Crescent Hill to Fort Pleasant avenue.

John Pyncheon, the first judge, the fair recorder, the honest dealer, the able manager with the Indians, the godly teacher in a pulpit that had no minister, lived through all the events narrated in the next two chapters. In these he appears as the brave captain, major and colonel. "Major" was the title by which he came to be generally known. As he grew old such was the respect in which he was held and the gratitude that in the dark days when his father and mother had left the plantation, he had remained to be its protector, leader and friend, that he is described in the old records as "the worshipful Major," "the worshipful Colonel" and as "the worshipful Major Pyncheon, Esquire." His residence was in a house which stood on Main street, near the corner of the present Fort street, a house of brick, built by him and designed partly for defence

in war, so that it came at last to be known as "the old fort." Attached to the rear of it was a part of the old wooden building in which his father lived.

The old fort stood until 1831, but nothing remains of these relics of the past, except a box made from the wood of the wooden house and a hinge from one of its doors. These are the property of the Connecticut Valley Historical Society. Major Pynchon, honored and loved, lived to a good old age and died in 1703. A good picture of his house is given on this page in the book plate of the Historical Society. The view

behind the house as in old times takes in the river and the West Springfield meadows. Besides the Indian and the Puritan, the steeple of the First church is seen from another point of view, with Mount Tom in the distance. The plate was designed by Clare Gardner, once a pupil of the Springfield schools.



CHAPTER IV.

KING PHILIP'S WAR AND ITS CAUSES.—BATTLES AND BURNINGS IN 'THE CONNECTICUT' VALLEY.

UP TO the time at which we have now arrived there had been peace between the colonies of Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth on the one hand and the various Indian tribes on the other. In the Connecticut colony there had been a war so bitterly waged by the whites, aided by their allies, the Mohegan Indians, that it had resulted in the utter destruc-

tion of the Pequot tribe. The Pequot war happened about the time of the settlement of Springfield and though it made the settlers in this part of the valley very cautious in dealing with the Indians, and taught them that they lived in the midst of danger, yet nothing hostile occurred. Massasoit, the famous chief of the Wampanoags, was a neighbor of the Plymouth colonists and had always been their friend. The Narragansetts, who lived in Rhode Island, influenced by the good will of Roger Williams for them, had kept the



KING PHILIP.

From "Indian History for Young Folks" by Francis S. Drake. Copyright 1884 by Harper and Bros.

peace after the close of the Pequot war.

The tribes of the interior,—those living in what is now Worcester county and in that part of the valley extending from Hartford to Northampton,—were known by the general name of Nipmucks or “fresh water” Indians. They were small tribes, apparently independent of each other, and having each a chief, or sachem, who was advised by a few others of the most knowing of the tribe called Sagamores. The Indians who lived at the mouth of the Agawam, and had their fort, where, perhaps, they spent the winter, on Long Hill, were called the Agawams. They were about two hundred in number and their sachem was Wequogan.

It was only natural that when the whites of these colonies were so few in number they should make every effort to make friends with the Indians. Possessed as they were with fire-arms and the arts of civilization they were but weak, living in a wilderness among so many savages. Besides, they were taught by their religion that the Indian was a brother man to whom it was their duty to bring the blessings of the white man’s religion.

There were men like John Eliot and Daniel Brainerd, who suffered great hardships and underwent much toil in order to get the Indians to accept Christianity. In fact they were reasonably successful, for in fifty years after the Pilgrims had landed on Plymouth rock, there were as many as two thousand “praying Indians.” Some of these were sincerely religious but all were called “praying Indians” who had begun to desert savage life and attached themselves in friendship and service to the whites, showing a willingness to learn the civilized way of living. They afterwards showed their good will by taking English names. There was, for example, in the Plymouth colony an Indian named Toto, who went by the name of Sam Barrow, probably because of his friendly

connection with a family of that name. Massasoit took his two boys, Wamsutta and Metacomet, to the governor, requesting that they be given English names. They were therefore named respectively, Alexander and Philip. It was this Philip who figures so largely in this and the succeeding chapter.

But, sad to relate, not all the whites were good to the Indians. Many bad men came to America and settled in the colonies. William Pynchon and his companions realized what might be the evil results of this in various ways and for many years no one was allowed to settle in Springfield who was not acceptable to the town. For a new settler someone had to become responsible that he would behave himself. In the seacoast towns this was not so easy. Consequently troubles arose and the whites sometimes bore themselves proudly towards the Indians. This, of course, irritated the Indians, for they felt that they had courteously allowed the whites to settle in their country and were entitled to respectful treatment. Here is an example of what happened.

There was a sachem named Squando, chief of the Sokenokis and a man of nobility and character. One day his wife was paddling down the river Saco in a canoe with her infant child. Some English sailors, coming along in a boat, said that they had heard that Indian children could swim like young ducks, and proceeded to upset the canoe. The child sank, at once, to the bottom of the river; the mother, by diving, brought it up, but although alive, it died shortly after. This, of course, was an extreme case but it illustrates the wicked way in which the more ignorant or grosser members of a superior race sometimes look down upon and annoy those of a weaker race.

There were also, on the part of the Indians, those things that annoyed the whites. The Indians were inclined to thieving; neither did they feel the importance of telling the truth. A long training in civilized life had taught the whites that truth telling is not only right but that without it business cannot well go on. The mind of a savage does not understand this; so that, as was said by Mr. Moxon, the first minister of this town, "An Indian's promise is like taking a pig by the tail."

But without regard to the right and the wrong in the character of the white man or the red man, there was another cause, perhaps enough in itself, to lead at some time to a union of Indians against the whites, provided any leader should appear great enough to unite them. The whites came more and more to possess the land. It is true that they bought it of the Indians and at a price that seemed fair to both parties; but, all the same, the Indians saw their hunting grounds disappearing and the game growing more scarce. They were trained to hunt and not to dig; all the corn was raised by the women. Besides, if the praying Indians kept on increasing, the true glory, as they understood it, of the Indian character would be gone. No more war; no more scalping; no more of that wild life which they so thoroughly enjoyed. Instead of Indian braves there would only be peaceable Indian farmers. Today there are, on the Indian reservations, farmers, prosperous and happy, having pianos and sewing machines in their comfortable homes; but an Indian, of colonial days, if he could have foreseen this as possible, would not have had it so, simply because he was born a wild Indian in a wigwam. A tame fox may be petted and well fed, but a wild fox, half starved, as he generally is, would never choose to become a tame one.

So, after fifty years had passed since the settlement of Plymouth, the Indians were reasoning among themselves in this way: "Now is our time. If we do not at once unite our scattered tribes and destroy the English, they will, in the end, starve us out. They will soon grow so powerful that resistance would be hopeless. It is true that we cannot fight as they do. They have plenty of firearms and we must depend partly on our bows and arrows, but then we need not meet them in open battle. We can worry them out, we can shoot and poison their cattle, burn their houses and barns, and lie in wait for them in their fields and in the forest paths. When the men are away from home we can tomahawk the women and children. They may be more numerous than we are, but, in this way, we can in time destroy them all or drive them back whence they came."

Some of the old sagamores gave different counsel, but this was the spirit that possessed the younger men of the tribes in Massachusetts. The disastrous Pequot war in Connecticut had taught the Mohegans that such reasonings were in vain and, under the leadership of the wily Uncas, they had been for a long time the allies of the English and were prepared to join with them even in war against their own race.

To bring all this unfriendly feeling against the whites to a head, there was needed a warrior, who by his personal qualities, could unite under him the various tribes. Such a man was Metacomet, Massasoit's son, called Philip by the English. He had now become chief of the Wampanoags and was thoroughly convinced of the importance of making a stand against the whites. He is known in history as King Philip, and indeed, he had many kingly qualities. He was large in stature, of commanding appearance, agile and swift-footed as any Indian brave, and of superb muscular training.

As a leader he was quick to see and to do; and what he did not think safe or wise for himself to do he knew how to set others on doing.

After war was once begun he would appear, now in southeastern Massachusetts, now in Rhode Island and all at once in the Connecticut valley, like an angel of death, unseen in his coming or going, but his presence always recognized by the sign of burning villages and slaughtered English. He was, like other Indians, treacherous; yet, toward those who had befriended him personally, he proved, in the war, to be kind and magnanimous. Before an attack on a certain town, he directed that two small children of an old friend, should be spared; and he would not let Scituate be destroyed because in that town lived a family of Leonards who had befriended him.

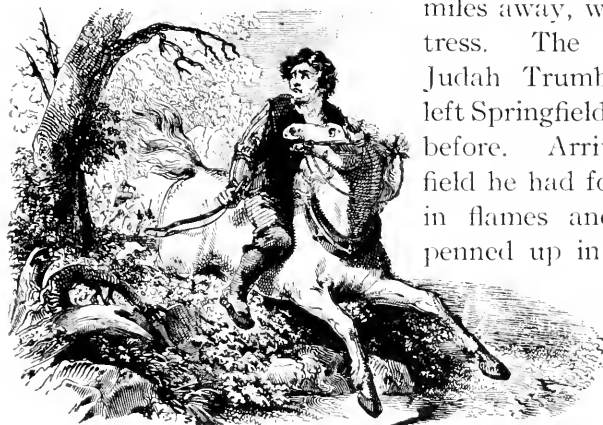
Perhaps nothing could make Philip more impressive than he was by nature; nevertheless on state occasions, it was his habit to assume a certain splendor of decoration. One of his decorations was a belt about ten feet long which went over his shoulders and being brought forward, hung down before him, nearly to his feet. It was embroidered with black and white wampum in figures of beasts, birds and flowers. Still another belt embroidered was placed on the head and hung down behind, and a third, ornamented with the figure of a star, was worn on the breast. These belts were edged with the red fur of some animal.

The war began in June, 1675, within Plymouth colony, not far from Mount Hope, Philip's residence. Several villages were laid waste and some soldiers killed; but on the whole, thanks to the vigilance of Captain Church, a skillful Indian fighter, Philip was not very successful; so that he and his warriors were fortunate in escaping to the region of the

Connecticut valley, where the settlements, being more separated, could be easier attacked.

It was in early August that a horseman came riding in hot haste into the Main street of Springfield, announcing to the excited inhabitants that their neighbors of Brookfield, thirty

miles away, were in great distress. The horseman was Judah Trumbull. He had left Springfield but a few hours before. Arriving at Brookfield he had found the village in flames and the villagers penned up in a single house, fighting for their lives against a horde of savages who were besieging it. Concealing

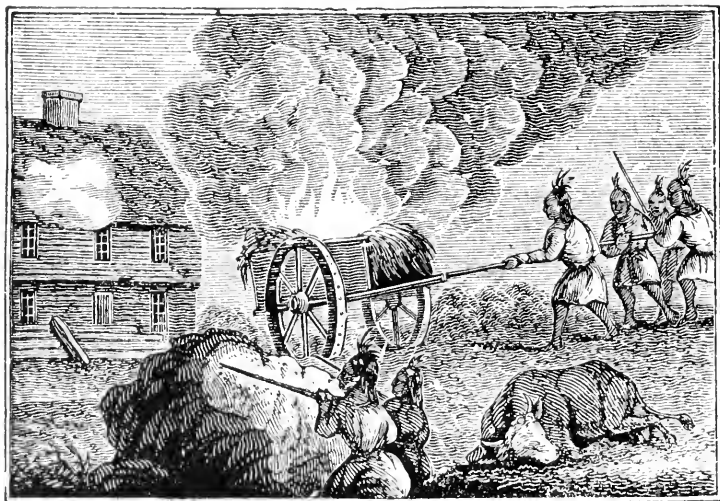


JUDAH TRUMBULL'S RIDE.

himself, Trumbull crept up near enough to take in the situation, then rushed to Springfield, as fast as his horse could carry him.

Lieutenant Cooper immediately raised a troop of horsemen and hurried to Brookfield. On arriving he found that help had just come from another source. The Brookfield people were saved; but sad was their story. They had all, eighty-three in number, including women and children, gathered in a fortified house. To this the Indians tried to set fire in the hope of killing the inmates as they rushed out. To this end hay and fagots were piled against the side of the house and fired; but the blaze was put out from within. Blazing arrows were then shot upon the roof; but holes were

cut in the roof and the fire put out. More water being wanted, a man who went to the well after it was shot. A woman, too, was killed by a bullet that entered through a loophole made for firing a musket from within. In a last effort to fire the house the Indians got a cart, lengthened the tongue or pole by splicing on other poles and, loading it with combustibles, set it on fire. Then they tried to push it against the



THE ATTACK ON BROOKFIELD.

house, but one wheel getting caught in a rut, the cart turned round and exposed those who pushed it to shots from the house. A shower, just then coming up, extinguished the fire.

Brookfield having been destroyed, it was naturally to be expected that Philip would now give his attention to the settlements up and down the valley. None knew whose turn would come next. Springfield was no longer the northern settlement. Above were Hadley and Northampton, Hatfield

and Deerfield, and still further north, Northfield, the most exposed of all. The only settlement to the west, in the valley, was Westfield. Of all the forces in the valley Major Pynchon had command, and in each town of course there was a military company. In his plans Major Pynchon showed more wisdom than the commissioners of the united colonies, who had general charge of the war. He proposed to disarm the peaceful Indians, like the Agawams, before they had a chance to do mischief.

It was decided first to disarm the Nonotucks who lived near Northampton. For this purpose, two companies, under Captain Lathrop and Captain Beers, after relieving Brookfield, were marching thence northwards when they overtook the enemy near Mount Sugarloaf. The Indians suddenly stopped, plunged into a swamp, and poured a volley of bullets into the English. Into the swamp rushed the troops and, sheltering themselves behind trees, they and the savages fought for three hours. In this, the battle of Hopewell Swamp, a number were killed on both sides.

Then followed an attack on Deerfield and next on Northfield, under the command of Sagamore Sam and One-Eyed John. Some of the inhabitants of Northfield were killed and eventually the settlement was abandoned for the rest of the war. While Captain Beers and his company were marching to the relief of Northfield they fell into an ambush. An ambush was a favorite mode of warfare with Indians. They would carefully pick out some narrow passage, through which they believed their enemy would go, where, concealing themselves behind rocks and trees, and waiting until the enemy were so far in the pass as to make retreat difficult, they would make a sudden and deadly onslaught. Captain Beers and his force were thus caught while they were crossing a brook.

Thrown at first into confusion, they finally rallied and fought their way out of the ravine. Then on a slope of a hill, now known as Beers mountain, they made a last desperate resistance; but the Captain and most of his company were killed. A few days afterwards, when Major Treat came along, he saw the heads of the slain stuck on poles by the travelled path, the sign and threat of Indian vengeance.

About the middle of September Captain Appleton with his

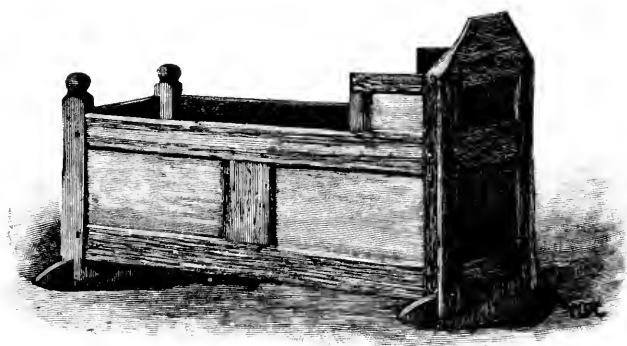


This cut is from "The Little Reader's Assistant," by Noah Webster, author of the Dictionary. It shows the clever escape of an Indian ally of the whites who, being pursued by one of King Philip's men, hid behind a rock and, raising his headgear on the barrel of his gun, drew the fire of his enemy. To reload the gun, a flint lock, took so much time that the first Indian escaped.

company were marching from Deerfield to Hadley. In the neighborhood of Mount Sugarloaf they stopped by a brook to pick the wild grapes that hung temptingly on the vines about them. It was an excellent place for an ambush and the Indians well

knew it. No sooner were the troops scattered and their arms laid aside than the very bushes seemed on fire from the guns of, perhaps, hundreds of Indians, Pocumtucks, Nonotucks, Nashaways, Squakheags, led by Sagamore Sam, One-Eyed John, Muttaump, and, quite likely, Philip himself. The slaughter was well nigh complete. Almost the only person who escaped had thrown himself into the bed of the brook

and pulled the bushes over him. Although stepped on by more than one Indian, he lay quiet until all was over. This conflict is known as the battle of Bloody Brook. A monument near by now marks the burial place of the slain.



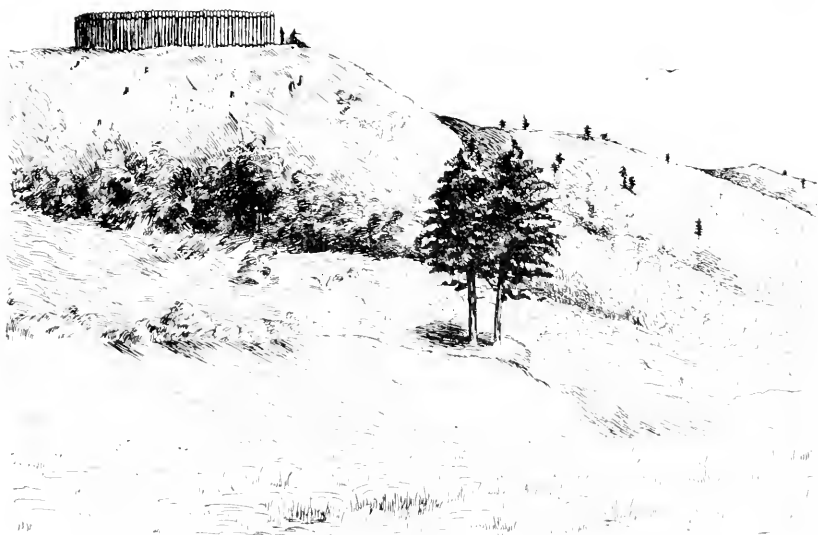
CRADLE OF THE PYNCHON FAMILY, NOW IN THE OLD DAY HOUSE.

THE STATUE OF THE PURITAN IN MERRICK PARK

With sober foot unswerving, lip severe,
And lid that droops to shield the inner sight;
Dark-browed, stern-willed, a shadow in the light
Of alien times, and yet no alien here;
Revered and dreaded, loved, but yet with fear;
He moves, the somber shade of that old night
Whence grew our morn, the ghost of that grim might
That nursed to strength the Nation's youth austere.
Mark the grave thought that lines the hollow cheek,
The hardy hand that guards the sacred book,
The sinewy limb, and what the thin lips speak
Of iron will to mould the era—look
In reverence, and as ye mutely scan
The heroic figure, see, rough-limned, a man!

—Whitmore, 1852—





THE INDIAN STOCKADE ON LONG HILL AS IT PROBABLY APPEARED, LOOKING S. E.

CHAPTER V.

KING PHILIP'S WAR CONTINUED.—THE BURNING OF
SPRINGFIELD.—CAPT. HOLYOKE AND THE FALLS
FIGHT.—CLOSE OF THE WAR.

THE war was by this time well begun throughout the two colonies. The upper settlements of the Connecticut seemed to be at the mercy of the savages. They were now gathering in the neighborhood of Hadley, which apparently was to be the next point of attack. It was to Hadley therefore that the English soldiers were sent. Major Pynchon believed that some troops should nevertheless be left in the

other settlements for fear of a surprise; but the commissioners of the colonies made the mistake of not taking his advice. In another respect he was overruled. With his usual foresight and knowledge of Indian character he had suggested that the Agawams should be deprived of their firearms and a permanent guard placed in their fort. They were as yet peaceable and, being few in number, it could have been easily done. But he was obliged to content himself with taking a few hostages, who were then sent by him to Hartford for safer keeping.

The gathering of troops at Hadley of course required Major Pynchon's presence there as commander of the army in the valley, and in accordance with orders he felt obliged to take with him nearly all the able-bodied men. Scarcely any men were left in the town, except a few old men, like Deacon Chapin, who was then in his last sickness, and boys under eighteen.

Springfield's defenceless condition and importance gave Philip his opportunity. Through spies he knew what was going on. The blow was not to fall on Hadley, after all. To join forces with the Agawams, in the Long Hill stockade, was easy. He had only to hurry his light-footed braves down the line of the desolate Wilbraham hills and no one would be the wiser till it was too late. The farm houses of the open country were few and scattered and the occupants had fled into the villages for protection.

By what defences had Springfield been made ready for an Indian onslaught? Major Pynchon and his fellow townsmen had their own way in this respect and they were fairly prepared. The Pynchon house, by its construction, being of brick with walls two feet in thickness, was in itself a good defence. There were two other houses in the lower part of the street,

which, although built of wood, were especially protected against assault. Into these the inhabitants could flee. The ordinary means of garrisoning houses was by palisades.

A palisade was made in this way. Trees of convenient size were cut to such a length that when placed firmly in the ground they would rise above it to the length of ten or twelve feet. Having been roughly hewn to a post-like form, or, if the work was hurried, perhaps not hewn at all, they were then set close together around the house to be protected.



PALISADED HOUSES.

They were also fastened together by a rude rail, held, it may be, by nails or withes. Sometimes several houses, or as at Northampton, a whole hamlet, were thus enclosed. Loopholes were made here and there through which those from within could fire at an approaching enemy without much danger that a bullet or arrow would enter the loophole itself. At the entrance of the stockade or palisaded place, one line of posts was made to overlap the line from the other direction at a distance just wide enough for a man to pass. The narrow passage could thus be easily defended. Of course, if the enemy could get upon a rock or tree in the near neighborhood, they could fire upon the house, so that occasionally some one was shot when opposite a window. Feather beds, as was the case in Brookfield, could be hung against the inside wall to deaden the bullets that might penetrate the wall itself. It was with palisades that the Long Hill fort was constructed and the settlers wisely adopted the Indian mode of defence. The Indian fort or stockade was situated on the spot where now stands the house of the Vincentian Fathers. When excavations for this building were made the ashes of the

ancient fires were uncovered and discolorations of the soil showed where the posts had been.

It was into this fort on Long Hill that some of Philip's warriors secretly entered on a night in early October, 1675. There were among our local Indians only about forty fighting men. They were probably so peaceably disposed, by reason of their weakness, their familiar intercourse in the village, and the fair treatment which they had always had, that had it not been for the incitements of Philip, they might have taken no part in the war. They were nearer to Connecticut than the Indians of the upper valley and in the Pequot war the Connecticut Indians had been taught a severe lesson. But to destroy Springfield was part of Philip's plan; he needed the help of our Indians and his clever arts prevailed.

On Monday, October 4th, Major Pynchon set out for Hadley with his men. His object was to locate the Indians harboring around there and bring on a decisive battle at once. Meantime, Indian braves who had fired Brookfield and other places, were secretly got into the Long Hill fort. The terrible disaster and slaughter of women and children that impended was only saved from making a bloody page of history by a single circumstance. The Agawam hostages were still in Hartford and their relatives probably insisted on their relief from certain death by getting them out of the hands of the whites before the expected attack. Had this not been done some Indian would have betrayed the whole plot. Accordingly some messengers were sent to Hartford, who in some way effected the escape of the hostages. In passing through Windsor, either going or coming, the messengers or the hostages happened to come across Toto, an Indian who lived in a white family. Toto became aware of the plot and as he

showed great excitement about something, he revealed it, on being questioned.

No time was to be lost. The fate of Springfield now hung on a family in Windsor, whose name we would be glad to know. A swift messenger was dispatched to the doomed town. Leaving his horse, probably, in West Springfield, and rousing the citizens there, he crossed on the ferry, with some of them, at dead of night. The alarm was given all down the street. The people fled at once to the fortified houses and a messenger was sent to Hadley after Major Pynchon.

It is probable that the Indians intended to make the attack at night. The betrayal of their plot and the sudden rush of the people for safety may have disconcerted their plans. At all events the morning broke with no sign of danger and some of the people went back to their homes. It was hard for them to believe that the Agawams had become their enemies.

At this time the town was in command of Thomas Cooper, then known as Lieutenant Cooper. He no longer lived in his old place on Main street but fifteen years before had removed to that part of the town now known as Agawam and had a sawmill on Three Mile brook. He was an old man, but yet hale and hearty. He was not only a carpenter and farmer; he was something of a surgeon and in the absence of regular physicians, went far and near to set a broken bone. This he did in kindness and with no charge. In the absence of lawyers he also practiced before the courts. He was so often called to serve as selectman that he sought to avoid the office. He was particularly successful in dealing with the Indians and was probably personally acquainted with each one. Green, in his history, says that his descendants, of whom some still remain, may well place him beside Deacon Chapin as one of the pillars of the town.

Another man besides Cooper, Chapin and the minister, who remained when the militia went to Hadley, was Thomas Miller. He was the constable and perhaps for that reason was left behind. Unlike Lieutenant Cooper, he was probably not on particularly good terms with the Indians. In his younger days he had, for some reason, struck old Reippumsick with the butt of his gun and the old man brought the younger one before Judge William Pynchon. As the matter was liable to lead to difficulties with the Indians, the judge called in several men, including the minister and Thomas Cooper, to sit with him as advisers. The result was that Miller was sentenced to be whipped at the public whipping post fifteen lashes, which, rather than undergo, he finally made his peace with the Indians by the payment of four fathoms of wampum. Perhaps unpleasant feelings remained on both sides, for ten years afterwards Miller complained to the court of Kollabaugamitt, Mallamaug and other Indians for striking his wife and throwing sticks at his children; whereupon ten men riding hard on five horses were sent in pursuit of the fleeing Kollabaugamitt, Mallamaug and other assailants into the country of the Nipmucks. Kollabaugamitt and Mallamaug were caught and fined by the Court in fourteen fathoms of wampum. Although the Indians did not like Thomas Miller, yet, as he was constable and had been fence viewer, pound-keeper and committee on the allotment of new lands, he was evidently reckoned a worthy citizen.

It is true that with the coming of the morning of the eventful day the people had returned to their homes. Most of them, of course, were women and children and the distress and anxiety must have been great. The defenders of the town had gone, and, although sent for, they might be unable to return. There may have been reports of strange Indians

seen about the fort, and with another night death and destruction might be upon the village. At some hazard Lieutenant Cooper determined to resolve these doubts. Taking Thomas Miller with him, both mounted, they rode down the street in the direction of the fort. Arrived at some point not far from the bridge at Mill river, probably just across the stream where the road passes alongside the natural bank at the foot



THE AMBUSH OF LIEUTENANT COOPER AND CONSTABLE MILLER.

of Long Hill, a shot was heard and then another. Miller was instantly killed. Cooper fell from his horse, but remounting, started up the street. Another shot made a mortal wound. He reached the nearest garrisoned house and gave the alarm, but immediately died.

Much as Thomas Cooper had done for the town in his life, in his death he really saved it from a great slaughter, for the

alarm was none too soon. The people had no sooner got into the fortified houses than the Indians, whooping and yelling, broke from the fort and were upon the town.

“Alas, that direful yell,
So loud, so wild, so shrill, so clear,
As if the very fiends of hell,

Burst from the wildwood depths, were here.”

As compared with an Indian warwhoop, the howling of a wolf or the cry of a panther had no terrors to the forefathers. At the head of the savage band were Philip's chosen braves, close followed by the more timid Agawams, armed with fire-arms and bows and arrows. Some carried blazing pine knots, prepared to burn the houses, barns and haystacks. Thanks to the Windsor Indian, Lieutenant Cooper and the palisades, no one was killed in the mad rush up the street except Pente-cost Matthews, wife of the old town drummer, and Edmund Pringrydays, who was wounded and died a few days after. Some thirty houses were burned as were about twenty-five barns stored with fodder for the winter. Crossing the marsh, the enemy burned the house of correction, near the present corner of State and Maple streets. In a short time the whole town, from the mills on Mill river to upper Ferry Lane (Cypress street) was a burning, smoking ruin. Nothing escaped but the garrisoned houses, the meeting-house and one or two houses near it. Before being fired, the houses were plundered of their valuables. One Indian got a pewter platter, which holding up before his person, either in defence or defiance, an enraged townsman sent a bullet through both platter and Indian. The platter remained in the town for nearly two centuries.

While the Indians were still in the village plundering and burning and looking for an opportunity to kill the besieged,

Major Treat of Connecticut arrived on the West Springfield side of the river with a company of soldiers. Could they have got across, the Indians would have fled, but the latter kept them back. Major Pynchon, however, having got the message sent the night before, had set out in great haste with the Springfield men, whose wives and children, mothers and sisters, were in the "sacked and burning village." Perspiring with exertion and anxiety, they at last arrived on the scene. Their approach was the signal for the retreat of the Indians. These hurried eastward across the plain and encamped for the night about six miles away, tradition says at Indian Orchard. The next day they plunged into the forest to the north. The Agawams, afterwards uniting themselves with other tribes to the west of the Hudson, became, as a separate tribe, forever lost to sight. Although now and then a wanderer appeared about the home of his childhood, never again did Springfield have a tribe of Indian neighbors.

One old squaw was left in the hasty flight. Perhaps she tried to follow the tribe and fell behind because of her age. Captain Moseley of Boston, who was engaged in the army of the valley, but not in Springfield, declared that she was torn in pieces by dogs. If true, this heinous act requires explanation and apology. Perhaps only a few were responsible. The shocking barbarities of the Indians were beginning to arouse the colonists to a fearful revenge. Captive Indians, including Philip's wife and little son, were sold into slavery in the West Indies, and even in Plymouth the heads of slain Indians were exposed on poles. There is nothing, however, on the part of the whites as barbarous as an act of the Indians in roasting a captive and eating slices of his flesh while yet alive.

The saintly Eliot, who had been a successful missionary to the Indians, tried, with others, to lessen the brutalities of

war, so far as the whites were concerned, but without success. The Indians, however, had not so much feeling about this matter, even as concerned their own people, as one might expect. They looked upon death with a sort of indifference and probably felt that scalping and being scalped, burning alive and being burnt alive were a part of the glory of war. When Toto, mentioned in the fourth chapter (page 60), having himself killed nineteen whites, at last fell into the hands of



INDIANS KILLING A WHITE CAPTIVE.
From Noah Webster's "Little Reader's Assistant."

Captain Church, he was told to prepare to die. He admitted that the sentence was just and said he was ashamed to live. He asked only the favor of being allowed to smoke a few whiffs of tobacco, which having done, he said he was ready. Then one of Captain Church's Indians sank a hatchet in his brains.

At last winter began to set in, a time when even the Indians could not accomplish much in the way of active warfare. Philip and his Wampanoags retired from this region and intrenched themselves in a swamp in the eastern part of the

State, where they were attacked with great slaughter. But it was a sad state of things here in the valley, with Deerfield, Northfield and Springfield destroyed and only Hadley and Northampton remaining. Springfield was in great straits. The people huddled together in the few houses and barns that were left and some probably found shelter on the west side where there were some houses. Major Pynchon was much inconvenienced by the crowding of his own house and distressed by his great loss of property,—his grist mills and saw mills destroyed and the people who owed him unable to pay. It seemed like the ruin of his fortune, yet this is the way he wrote to one of his children, then in London:

“DEAR SON: I would not have you troubled at these sad losses which I have met with. There is no reason for a child to be troubled when his father calls in that which he lent him. It was the Lord that lent it to me, and he that gave it hath taken it away, and blessed be the name of the Lord. He hath done very well for me, and I acknowledge his goodness, and desire to trust in Him and to submit to Him forever. And do you, with me, acknowledge and justify Him.”

There was some talk of abandoning Springfield. Major Pynchon himself thought he would be better off to remove to Boston, where he had some property left. But, strong in the sense of duty, which was a family trait, he wrote to Governor Leverett in language of manliness and fortitude: “I resolve to attend what God calls me to do and to stick to it as long as I can, and, though I have such great loss of the creature comforts, yet to do what I can in defending this place.” Thus he furnished a good motto for all the sons and

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "John Pynchon". The signature is written in dark ink and features a large, flowing initial "J" and a long, sweeping underline.

AUTOGRAPH OF JOHN PYNCHON.

daughters of Springfield in times of stress and difficulty: "*STICK TO IT!*"

At last the dreadful winter passed into an early spring, so that the crops were got early into the ground. The hopes of the people began to revive. They had not much more to lose and if the war might only be successfully ended in the campaign of the advancing year, all might yet be well. But the Indians had been greatly encouraged by the successes of 1675, and their dreams of sweeping the white men out of New England seemed nearer to becoming true. They started early on the war path.

On a day in March a small party of Longmeadow people, who, out of fear, had been deprived of all church services since the memorable fifth of October, were on their way to the meeting-house at the center. They were protected by a few mounted soldiers, men from the eastern part of the state, who had been garrisoned in Springfield since the disaster. The company had got as far as the brook at Pecowsic, just where it comes out from Forest Park, when they were set upon by Indians. John Keep of Longmeadow was killed, his wife captured and his children either killed or captured. The Indians escaped into the region of the park and made for the north. As soon as Major Pynchon was notified he set off with others in pursuit, and overtaking the band, rescued a woman. It was learned from her that some, at least, of the attacking party were our own Agawams.

Still bolder moves than this were made. Connecticut, after the Pequot war, seemed to be reasonably safe, but now an invasion into that colony was made; and Simsbury, only a few miles from Hartford, was attacked. Town after town in the eastern part of the colony was attacked or destroyed and the colonists were almost in despair. It seemed as if

savagery were indeed winning the day against civilization; as if a great continent were to have no better use than as a hunting ground for wild Indians.

But when it seemed darkest, it was really just before a decisive blow that shattered the Indians' hopes in a day. To show how this came about it is necessary to go back a little. Early in March the Indians, in one of their marauding expeditions down the valley, had captured a Springfield boy,



MRS. ROWLANDSON AND JOHN GILBERT AT TURNERS FALLS.

John Gilbert by name, whose father had lived in Longmeadow, but was now dead. John, who perhaps had wandered too far east of the village in order to snare partridges or something of that sort, was taken as far north as the present town of Hinsdale in New Hampshire. Here he fell very sick and was finally cast out into the cold along with a little Indian child who had lost both its parents and was thrown out to die. They were found by Mrs. Rowlandson, the captive wife of a minister. With great difficulty she got the youth to a

fire and he grew better. He watched his chance to escape and on his eighteenth birthday he succeeded. On reaching the settlements he was able to give very important information. It had not been known where the Indians of western Massachusetts were located, whether they had gone over into the Hudson valley or had remained nearer at hand. Could their rendezvous be discovered, and the whole body be surprised by a sudden onslaught their power for evil might be broken.

When John Gilbert reached the settlements he made it clear just where the Indians could be found. It was at some falls on the Connecticut river, near the entrance of a river, now called Miller's river. It was a good place for fishing and here the Indians, by drying fish, were making themselves ready for the summer campaign.

As soon as this information became known to Captain Turner, after whom the falls were eventually named, he decided to attack at once. He was now in command in the valley, Major Pynchon having been allowed to resign at his own request. Pynchon, though a wise counsellor in the war, did not consider himself especially fitted for active military operations. Although he did not go to Turners Falls, Springfield was well represented there by Captain Samuel Holyoke, the son of Mary Pynchon, a young man of brave and ardent temperament. He was second in command. The Indians were encamped directly on the bank of the river. With a sudden and terrible onslaught Captain Turner was among them without warning. Those who were not slain in their wigwams, plunged madly into the river and were carried down the falls to certain death. Such was the pitch of desperation to which the English had come in their fight against extinction by the savage that Captain Holyoke slew five old men, women and children with his own hand, as they were

hiding under a bank. This is horrible to relate, like as it is to the stories of an older time; but when the life of a people is at stake means are not nicely measured. At best, war is terrible.

The noise of the attack had aroused another band of Indians who were not far off and they at once attacked the invaders. It was said that Philip was approaching with a thousand warriors. The victory of the English was now turned into a retreat, and, owing to certain circumstances, a retreat which it was very difficult successfully to manage. To make it worse, Captain Turner was shot and the command devolved on Holyoke. Already he had nearly lost his life with the vanguard. His horse had been shot under him. As several warriors rushed upon him he killed one and his men drove back the rest. It was, nevertheless, his self-possession and courage that saved the day, and he marched into Hadley the surviving victor of the famous "Falls Fight."

But the strain of those hours was too much. He returned to Springfield and in a few short months died from the effects of the exertion, a sacrifice to the cause of civilization in the Connecticut valley, and, indeed, the whole state. It is, perhaps for him, more likely for his father, Elijah Holyoke, that the mountain is named which looks down on the scenes of his life and victory.

The Falls Fight, notwithstanding the rout of the English at the end of it, was really a great disaster for the Indians. It broke up the fisheries, on which Philip depended for his supplies during the summer campaign. Many sachems, sagamores and braves were killed, and Philip, almost in despair, left the valley of the great river for his own country. As it turned out, the Falls Fight, in which John Gilbert and Captain Holyoke of Springfield had borne so important a part, was the

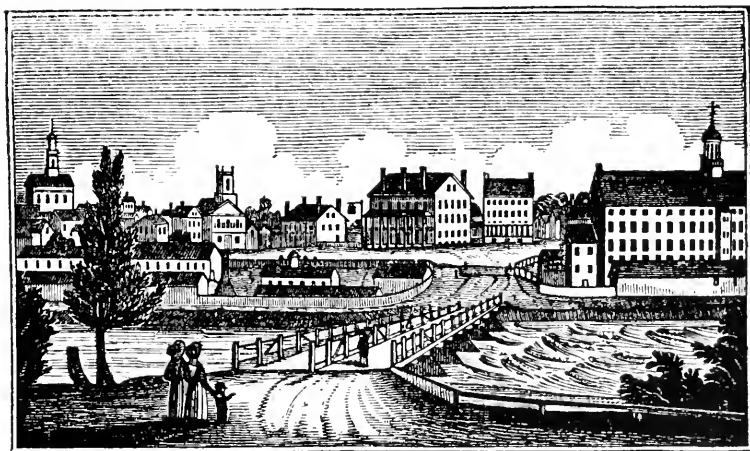
last great event of the war, except the death of Philip himself. The Indian cause seemed all at once to collapse. Bereft of his family, his supporters killed in the Swamp Fight of the preceding winter and the Falls Fight of May 18th, Philip himself was at last corralled by Captain Church in a swamp. Swamps were a favorite place of refuge with Indians. As Philip was jumping from hummock to hummock in his flight, he was shot by an Indian, an ally of the English. Thus ended King Philip's war, so far as he was concerned, in August 1676. It was continued for a time by sachems on the Maine and New Hampshire coast, and then peace was arranged.

Henceforth the Indians of New England were a doomed race; doomed to weakness, disease, intemperance and decay. It had been the glory of Massasoit to win by kindness the friendship and good will of a new continental power. It was the fate of his son to destroy that good will and make his people, as a race in New England, first, to be feared and then to be ignored and forgotten. Two centuries were to pass before savage warfare was to cease beyond the Hudson and on the slopes of the Rockies, and the last Indian warrior engaged in conflict with the American people, Geronimo, of the dreadful tribe of Apaches, has died the week that this work goes to press; but for New England its Indians were soon to be as if they had never been.

“Alas for them!—their day is o’er,
Their fires are out from hill and shore;
No more for them the wild deer bounds;
The plough is on their hunting-grounds;
The pale man’s axe rings through their woods;
The pale man’s sail skims o’er their floods;
Their pleasant springs are dry;
Their children,—look! by power oppressed,
Beyond the mountains of the west
Their children go—to die!”—*Sprague.*

CHAPTER VI.

SETTLEMENT OF CHICOPEE AND OTHER TOWNS.— THE REVOLUTION.



CHICOPEE FALLS IN 1838.

SPRINGFIELD had as yet but a very small population; all told there could not have been more than a few hundred people. But the Springfield of that time, the time of King Philip's war and for many years afterwards, occupies a large place on the map. The Indians having gone, there were none to dispute the English ownership, except the settlements made independent of Springfield and there were none of these in Massachusetts, except Westfield, nearer than Hadley and Northampton. Enfield and Suffield had once been practically a part of Springfield but it was finally decided that

they lay beyond the Massachusetts line. Although some went from Springfield to help settle Westfield, this town wanted Westfield to be independent. Some went over the river to establish their homes even before the war, like Lieutenant Cooper.

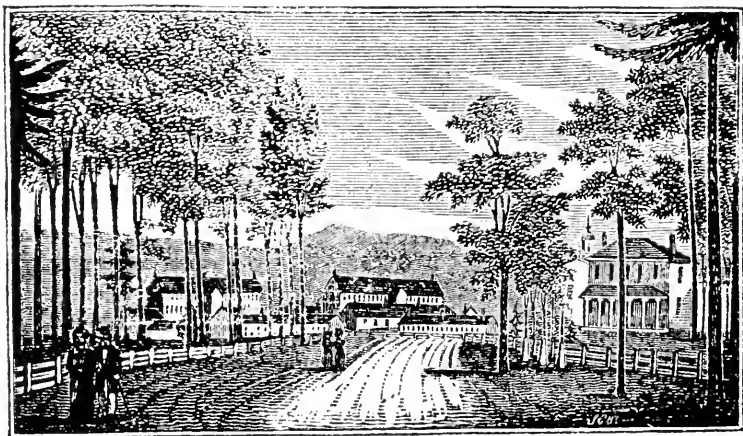
Notwithstanding this scattering and the fact that the central village might be weakened by it, there was a friendly feeling all around and the dwellers on the west side are spoken of in old records as "our neighbors." Longmeadow was early granted a separate school and although there was a locality named Longmeadow Gate, it did not divide the inhabitants except in the matter of place. John Riley went as far away as the southern part of the present Holyoke and may be considered as the first settler of that city. Riley's brook perpetuates his name. In fact, when we consider the territory included and the settlers who branched out in one direction or another, for the sake of getting good, large farms all to themselves, yet were really inhabitants of Springfield and voted in its town meeting, we would find old Springfield to embrace the present towns or cities of Holyoke, West Springfield, Agawam, Chicopee, Ludlow, Wilbraham, Hampden, Longmeadow and East Longmeadow. The early settlement of Longmeadow was of the great meadow itself, down by the river, Chicopee was settled largely by Chapins and there were so many boys in the Chapin families that the name is unusually common hereabouts. So for many years was the name of Bliss; and no wonder, for Luke Bliss had sixteen children and Jedediah Bliss had as many and one over. For the sake of the good land and the river travel, the early settlers kept pretty near the water, but in 1721 Nathaniel Hitchcock decided to go to "the mountains," as they were called, and built for himself and his wife a house within the present limits

of Wilbraham. Others soon followed him. These Manchonis mountains were the Indian hunting grounds.

When the settlement of Wilbraham commenced there was one squaw remaining nearly half a century after her tribe had been gone. Her wigwam was on a little brook near the hill since called "Wigwam Hill." "Alone," says Stebbins in his history of Wilbraham, "the last of that mysterious race, who had chased the deer over these fields, trapped the beaver in these streams, speared the salmon in these rivers, enjoyed the freedom of these hills, kindled their evening fires by these springs, and, as they smoked their pipes, beheld the western sky lighting up, as the sun went down, as if with the smile of the Great Spirit and of the braves, who had fallen in battle, and buried their kindred under these trees, she lived solitary, the curiosity of the early settlers, harmless, quiet, meditative, seldom entering any dwelling and providing for her own wants. At last she disappeared; of the manner of her death, or of her burial place, no man knoweth. She passed away, as a shadow of the vanished race and joined the company of her fathers." In 1750 Captain Miller went out and settled Ludlow. It thus happened that there were, before the Revolution, dwellers within the limits of all the cities and towns which have been made out of the old Springfield.

When different localities came to be settled or used it is interesting to see what old Indian names they kept and what new ones they got. Take, for example, the Mill river valley. The land where the lesser river joins the greater one was known to the Indians as *Usquaiook*, which was, perhaps, the name of the stream. Mill river meant more to the settlers than *Usquaiook*, yet, just across the Connecticut they kept for the stream and the town, the word *Agawam*, the fish curing place of the Indians, where there were salmon and shad in plenty.

Following up the Mill river valley, we pass the Water Shops, an odd name, indicating the use of water power. Following the south branch we come to the neighborhood of Wachogue, formerly called Wachuet, an Indian word meaning "land near the hill." There were once "great Wachuet" and "little Wachuet," good meadow lands near hills on or near the Hampden road. Further on, along the stream, there was a good lot of land which measured about sixteen acres



CHICOPEE FROM SPRINGFIELD STREET, 1838.

in extent. This was allotted to early settlers and "The Sixteen Acres" grew into the name of a locality. Still further up was a tract called "World's End," because beyond this, for a time, nobody wanted to go.

The dingles or old ravines which cut into the terraces of the thickly settled parts of the city all had their names. At the beginning of St. James avenue was, and is, Squaw tree dingle and, near the Chicopee line, Hogpen dingle. The dingle below the Wesson Hospital was Skunk's Misery and the

one beginning at Avon Place was Thompson's dingle. To the south are Long dingle in Forest Park, and Entry dingle, which last is in Longmeadow. These localities are shown on the map in the first chapter.

Suppose, now, we follow up the Chicopee river for a time, beginning at its mouth, at the place which the Indians called Chicopee. Passing Crowfoot brook, named for an early settler on its banks, and through the center, we arrive at the ancient Schonunganuck, now Chicopee Falls. Not far beyond is Skipmaug or Skipmuck. Noticing the outlets, as we pass, of Skipmuck brook, Poor brook and Higher brook, and the curve at Bircham's Bend we come to Indian Orchard, a name of which the origin is lost; The original locality of that name was on the north side of the river within the present town of Ludlow.

We will return by way of the old Bay road. Crossing Poor brook again and coming into State street, near Squaw tree dingle, and where "the log path," now upper State street, formerly left the Bay road, and crossing the Connecticut, let us follow the course of the Agawam. We would pass through Ramapogue at the West Springfield common and, reaching the stream just beyond, pass under the high bluffs which were once the banks of the old lake. We cross the little "Silver stream" flowing out from the hill in Mittineague or Menedgonuck and, passing through the village and a mile or more beyond, we come to a great bend called "the neck." The Indians, however, called this place Ashconunsuck. Just above is Tatham or Tattum, the meaning of which nobody knows. Pursuing our way west we cross Block brook and, rounding the course of the stream where it runs between the ridges of trap, we arrive at the fertile interval known to the Indians, and still known, as Paucatuck. This hamlet is the

last before we reach the Westfield line. Paucatuck brook rises some miles to the north, beyond Bear Hole. Thus we see how English and Indian words of description are mingled in our names of places.

Although, as we have seen, the Indians, as tribes, were no longer left in this part of New England, yet they continued to wander back from time to time and were occasionally employed on the farms. The danger from Indians was not yet over, but it was now the red men of Canada who kept the settlements in alarm. They had never been heard of before in these parts, but about ten years after King Philip's war ended and for more than half a century afterwards there were at times wars between England and France, which affected us. The French had settled Canada and, allying themselves with the Indians there, they made invasions of New England, particularly down the valley of the Connecticut. Northfield, Deerfield and Brookfield were most exposed. Men were killed and women carried captive to Canada.

In Major Pynchon's day he was the military governor of the whole valley, and once when Brookfield had been attacked, he sent a force in pursuit of the Indians who were making fast for Canada. Among the pursuers was the same Thomas Gilbert, who had once escaped from Indian captivity. The Indians were overtaken while at breakfast. Six of them were killed, and nine guns, twenty hatchets and about twenty horns of powder taken. It was just like John Pynchon, writing an account of the affair, to say, "'Tis God, not our twenty men that hath done it." Although the French were, from time to time, raising such dark war clouds to the north, yet in 1718, there arrived in Springfield a Frenchman who followed the ways of peace. He was a peddler, Samuel Mallefield by name, and appeared riding an iron gray horse. He

brought more goods than one horse would carry, so, doubtless, the goods came by water from Hartford. There is in existence a list of all his wares, from which it appears that he brought something for everybody,—handkerchiefs, penknives and ink horns for the men, silks, fans and laces for the women and jewsharps and little books for the children. Among a multitude of other things were over 11,000 pins. All this we know because no sooner had the peddler arrived than he fell sick and died, and a complete inventory of his goods was made for the Probate Court.

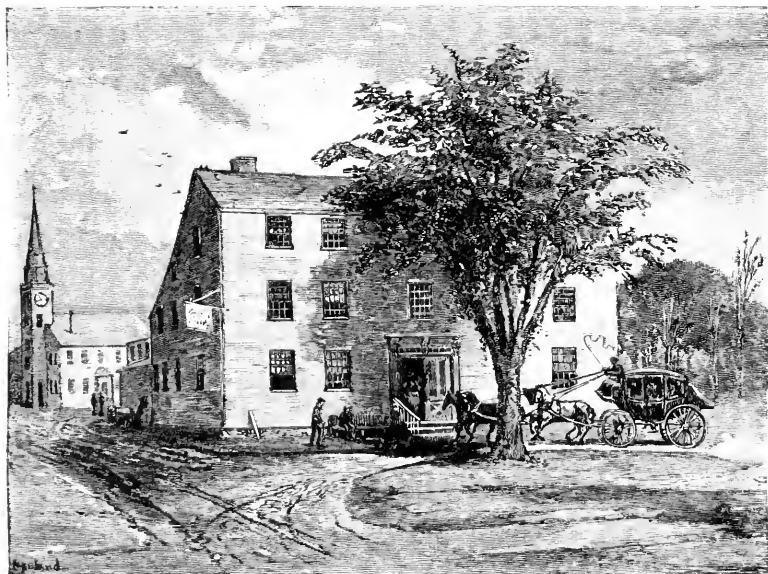
But the peddler, Samuel Mallefield, especially interests us, not so much because he came on an iron gray horse and brought 11,000 pins, but because on his deathbed he directed that all his property, after paying his expenses, should make a fund for the relief of the poor. The town accepted the bequest and erected a stone of table form to the memory of the French peddler, which may be seen among the ancient stones on the Pine street side of the cemetery. Very many years were to pass before his example would be followed; but in 1863 James W. Hale, a benevolent grocer, left most of his fortune to supply the worthy poor with coal, fuel and flour, from what is now called "The Hale Fund." These two men were the forerunners of many kind people who have made gifts and bequests for the use of the city.



JAMES W. HALE.

We are now come to the great days of the Revolution. Its battles were waged far away from Springfield; but, besides sending her men to join the armies of freedom, she had little

glimpses and side-lights of events as they passed and made history for the now United States. It was on a day in June of the year 1775 when one, standing on Main street, near the Court House, and looking up street, might have seen a cavalcade of horsemen approaching from the north. They had just crossed the river and had turned into the Main street from



PARSONS TAVERN, MAIN AND ELM STREETS.

the upper Ferry Lane, now Cypress street. They advance down the street and halt in front of the tavern at (the present) Court Square. The central figure is a tall and really fine-looking man of dignified yet pleasing countenance. It is the new General, George Washington, on his way to Cambridge to take command of the Continental army. With him is General Lee. "He was," says Irving, in his "Life of Wash-

ington," "in the vigor of his days, forty-three years of age, stately in person, noble in demeanor, calm and dignified in his deportment. As he sat on his horse with manly grace, his military presence delighted every eye." After dinner at the tavern, the afternoon saw the party again on their way up State street and along the old Bay road. We may believe that General Washington, who was an observant traveler, drew rein for a moment at the Wait monument, then rather new, and read the inscription carved for the benefit of wayfarers.

The battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill had already been fought. The minute-men of Springfield were already stationed at the fortifications around

Boston. Here is a letter, with misspelling corrected, which one of the young soldiers from Springfield wrote to his father. It was written about the day of Washington's arrival, written from the very town whence the settlers had started, as told in the second chapter.



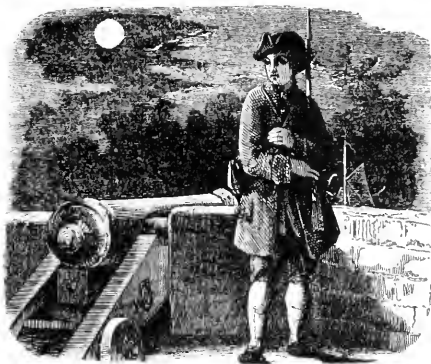
WAIT MONUMENT.

Roxbury, June 29, 1775

HONORED FATHER:

After my regards to you I take this opportunity to let you know that I am well, as I hope these lines will find you and all my brothers and sisters. I have some news to write. In the first place there was a skirmish between Charlestown and Cambridge and the

King's troops drove our men out of our intrenchment because they had no powder and they have intrenched on Bunker's Hill and our men have intrenched on Winter Hill where the regulars retreated



to when the first battle was at Concord which was June 16. They fired the same day at Roxbury and threw bombs and carcasses in order to set the street on fire, but by the goodness of God they did not, for our men, as soon as they had set it afire, would go up and put it out and they fired no more until last Saturday.

Then they fired again and tried to set it on fire but they would go and put it out. One of our men took one of the carcasses and brought it up to the General before it went out. And they set two or three houses afire. But they were as fierce as a bloodhound to put them out. Then the Rhode Islanders went down on the Neck with two or three field pieces and fired at them and made their sentries run to the breast-work. And then they fired upon our sentries and killed two of them. We are building a fort in Roxbury and digging a trench across the Neck. No more at present, so I remain your obedient son,

JUDUTHAN SANDERSON.

It is plain that this young fellow was heart and soul with the cause of the Revolution. So were the citizens of Springfield generally, prominent among them being William Pynchon, grandson of the "worshipful Major." There were those, however, who stood by the King. "Adamses, where are you

going?" said Colonel Worthington to the great patriots, Samuel and John Adams, when they appeared in this town



DISCUSSING THE REVOLUTION.

in 1776, on their way to the Continental Congress. "To Philadelphia, to declare these colonies free," was the quick response. "Look out for your heads," replied Worthington.

The sound of battle was far away; but occasional travelers and soldiers returning from Ticonderoga and other posts kept the people fully interested and informed. It was this remoteness of Springfield from the seat of war that, with other reasons, induced General Washington to designate the town as the place for the government manufacture of arms. He chose the plateau on which the Armory is now located, on



COSTUME OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

the western edge of what he calls in his diary, describing the country between the Hill and Indian Orchard, "an almost uninhabited pine plain much mixed with sand." The location chosen was then the town's training field, but it was readily yielded to the new enterprise.

One of the great events in the early years of the Revolution, which is in a way connected with this and neighboring towns, was the surrender of the British General Burgoyne at Saratoga.

Indeed, some of the soldiers of this vicinity were there and remembered the event as taking place on a clear and beautiful day in September. Standing in military array they saw the British general and six thousand of his troops pass by to the place where the latter laid down their arms. The soldiers of freedom were poor and wore no uniforms, but "they stood well arranged and with a military air." "The men," wrote the Hessian General Riedesel, then serving in the British army, "stood so still that we were filled with wonder. Not one of them made a single motion, as if he would speak with

his neighbor. Nay, more, the lads that stood there in rank and file, kind nature had formed so trim, so slender, so full of nerve that it was a pleasure to look at them and we were all surprised at the sight of such a handsome, well formed race. Not a man was to be found, who as we marched by, made even a sign of taunting, insulting, exultation, hatred or any other evil feeling. On the contrary they seemed as if they would do us an honor."

General Riedesel commanded some German troops from Hesse-Cassel who had been hired by the king to serve in America. In fact the great mass of the English people had not much sympathy with George the Third in his attempt to crush the liberty of the colonies. They were not eager to join the army and go to America for this purpose, so that the king bargained with the Grand Duke of Hesse-Cassel for 22,000 soldiers to fill up his army. It is not to be supposed that these mercenary troops had any heart in the war; but there was no German freedom in those days and they were compelled to go. Once here, both the English and German soldiers realized that the cause of liberty was the same everywhere and that what the Americans were fighting for was just what they themselves needed in their own country. It is not surprising that many of them deserted and made their homes in the United States.

In the army that surrendered at Saratoga was a large body of Hessians, with their general. All these were ordered sent as prisoners of war to Boston. As there would not be enough to feed them if all went by the same route, three detachments were formed and one of these was sent over the mountains into and down the valley of the Westfield or Agawam river, by way of Springfield. It was at the close of a wet day in October when this large body of retired soldiers emerged from between the ridges of hills that divide Westfield

from West Springfield and encamped on the West Springfield common. More comfortable quarters, however, were found by many at the farmsteads.

In a large farmhouse in Paucatuck lived a little boy, Seth by name, whose father had but recently, gun on shoulder, come back from the scene of the surrender. He was intensely interested in stories of Ticonderoga and the doings about there



REVOLUTIONARY OFFICERS IN A FARMHOUSE AT PAUCATUCK, WEST SPRINGFIELD.

and one can imagine his excitement when a party of fifteen or sixteen officers from the two armies arrived at his father's house with the purpose of spending the night. The officers made themselves comfortable in the house and hung their swords and trappings above the blazing hearth-fire to dry. To the end of his life the boy remembered the glistening

steel and brass of the swords and scabbards as they flashed in the firelight. As for the common soldiers they staid out in the sheds at the cost of a good pile of cider apples that were waiting for the press. In the morning camp was struck on the Common, the farmhouses emptied of their visitors and the whole host crossed the river to Springfield, whence they proceeded towards Brookfield.

But not all went. An Englishman named Worthy thought that this part of the country was good enough for him and contrived to drop out, as did a German named Wagoner. Worthy used to say that when the British common soldiers got over here they found that the Americans had the right of the cause. One other deserter there was, a horse, too lame, perhaps, to go further. He, too, found friends in West Springfield and to the end of his days went by the name of "Old Burgoyne."





NORTHEAST CORNER OF COURT SQUARE, 1830.

CHAPTER VII.

SHAYS' REBELLION.—THE CONSTITUTION.—1783-1789.

SHAYS' Rebellion was one of the unfortunate incidents in the history of Massachusetts. It is interesting because it shows a people, almost a majority, in opposition to the regular action of a government which they had just set up; and it is important in a history of Springfield because it was here that some of the most stirring scenes occurred. Sometimes it has been called an insurrection, sometimes a rebellion. An insurrection is a rising to prevent the operation of the laws by force of arms. A rebellion is such an opposition widely extended. In this case the movement, by spreading through the state, passed from an insurrection to a rebellion, although not a bloody one. It is included in the years 1783-1787. What was its cause?

During the Revolution the colonies had been too poor to pay the soldiers properly, too poor indeed, properly to feed and uniform the men; men who had, perhaps, left wife and children at home to get a very poor living on the farm while the husband and father served the cause. Money often had to be borrowed for them to live on. But the soldiers were paid in paper money, good so long as it would pass for the value stamped on its face, but it would so pass only so long as it could be exchanged for that which had a value in itself, gold or silver. In the colonies there was not enough gold or silver to go around and be exchanged for all this paper money; so it began to get worthless, and the more that it was printed and given out the more worthless it got.

But the soldiers needed real money. When they got home to their farms they found, perhaps, that the oxen, which had not been needed for work during their absence, had been killed for beef. Now that the farmer himself was exchanging the gun for the plough, new oxen must be bought, or a new horse. Perhaps the farmer who had served in one or two campaigns was drafted for another and had to borrow money to pay for some one to go to the war in his place. The money was borrowed in coin and now the returning soldier found nothing in his hands with which to pay, except the now



almost worthless paper. The former price of a yoke of oxen would scarce buy three mugs of cider; and if a man had borrowed a hundred dollars, he must now get four thousand dollars in paper money to make it good. This farmer, pictured in an old broad side, "The Looking glass for 1787," has filled a bag with paper money and even then has scarcely enough to pay his taxes.

When things came to this pass everybody was alarmed for the future. Business, of course, came very much to a standstill and it was hard to sell anything with which to pay anybody. People to whom debts were due began to collect them. If the debtor could not pay he was brought before the court and his farm or personal property was ordered to be sold to raise the money, and when nobody wanted to buy nothing would bring its real value. The debtor was ruined and under the old law of imprisonment for debt might have

to go to jail. Thus it came to pass that a sense of distress, suffering and alarm overspread Massachusetts and involved a considerable portion of the population. The large portion of the people who were not so greatly troubled might have done more to make things better. They might have passed certain laws which would have tided over the difficulties for a time till the cause was removed; but they were not wise enough to do so.

The result was that here and there people began to consult together to see what they could do. All the danger was coming through the courts by the ordering of the collection of debts, so the malcontents decided to prevent the sitting of the courts. This was, of course, a high-handed proceeding. The courts had been established by the people of Massachusetts for the purpose of doing justice between man and man and they tried hard to do so. The judges were not responsible for the laws but it was their duty to enforce them. The people had made the laws and it is pretty hard to justify the resistance of a free people to laws of their own making, even though some may unjustly suffer by it. In this case historians do not justify; they have done no more than to excuse on the ground of great provocation.

Early in the history of the insurrection an important court was to be held in Springfield. The Court House stood on the east side of Main street, south of Sanford and, being just across the town brook, was reached by a small bridge. It was the sitting of the court here at this time that the insurgents wished to prevent. Not wishing to proceed to bloodshed they left their guns of the Revolution at home and came armed with clubs. They gathered before the door of the Court House in so solid a mass that the judges as they arrived found their way obstructed. Before the judges walked the

high sheriff, General Mattoon of Amherst. "Make way for the court," said the sheriff. Nobody moved. "Make way for the court, I say," he repeated; and struck David Smith, Jr., of West Springfield, a painful blow with the flat of his sword. It is said that one man was thrown into the brook. However that may be, the crowd then gave way and the court was duly held.

There soon got to be a feeling among the towns, particularly towns in Hampshire, Berkshire and Worcester counties, that something was wrong that might be righted; so that from Springfield and elsewhere delegates were sent to a convention to talk about these matters and see what could be done. But nothing was effectively done and the opposition to the sitting of the courts kept growing. Sometimes it succeeded; but not so in Taunton, where Judge Cobb, a former general of the Revolution, was holding court. When the insurgents arrived, he urged them to yield to the laws, concluding with these words: "Sirs! I shall sit here as a judge or die here as a general." The mob dispersed. At last there appeared military leaders and the forms of military organization and there was no longer an insurrection but a rebellion.

The rebellion took its name from one of these leaders, Daniel Shays of Pelham, a hill town not far from Ludlow. Shays had no great ability but he had served with credit as a captain in the Revolution, he was a good talker and, in concert with Luke Day of West Springfield, Eli Parsons of Berkshire and an ex-minister named Ely, was very successful in rallying the malcontents about him. Luke Day is reported to have said that liberty is liberty to do as you like and make everybody else do as you would have them. Perhaps, if he ever said it, he did not say it seriously; for true liberty is freedom subject to laws made for the good of all, as Day

and every other soldier of the Revolution well knew. Day is thought to have been abler than Shays, but Shays was acknowledged as the leader and even in adjoining states where the same troubles prevailed "Hurrah for Shays!" became a popular cry.

As between the cause of Shays and that of law the people of Springfield were divided. Springfield, because of the Court House and the Armory, became at once a great center of interest, as to which side should prevail, so that September



DEFENDING THE COURT HOUSE IN SHAYS' REBELLION.

26, 1786 is memorable in our history. On that day the highest Court of the Commonwealth was to sit here, composed of the chief justice and three other judges and Shays meant to prevent it. His camp was near the corner of Main and Ferry streets. His men had no uniforms but could be told from the rest by a sprig of evergreen worn in the hat. The other side wore a piece of white paper in the same way. General Shep-

ard of Westfield, a brave and magnanimous officer, was in the town with a force ready to protect the court.

Then there were seen three thousand armed men marching up and down Main street, ready to fight each other on sufficient provocation. Almost all of them were from outside towns; but among the citizens themselves, neighbor was set against neighbor and the next moment men might be firing from one house to the next. The excitement was great, women and children trembling with fear; and we are not told whether school kept or not. Men were continually coming in from other towns and joining one camp or the other. More than one company of the state militia which arrived to support General Shepard, carried away by the "hurrah boys" of the other side, deserted in a body to Captain Shays.

But there were staunch men left to the government side. Dr. Chauncey Brewer, going one night to see a sick person had to pass through Shays' lines and was arrested by the sentries on Main street and brought into camp. Captain Shays ordered him to take the white paper from his hat. "No, Sir," said the doctor, "I shall not do it! Just give me a place to sleep." Twice he was ordered to doff the badge and twice refused. At last he was allowed to go home with his badge on. When the judges arrived they got safely to the Court House but as the grand jury did not dare to come nothing could be done. So the Shays party, having really accomplished its object, went home.

By this time the governor was thoroughly aroused. More and more he saw steady government going to pieces before his eyes and felt that something must be done. Loyal troops must be got and the state had no money to pay for them. He had to borrow money of Boston citizens to raise an army. This he did and was able to place General Lincoln at the head

of 4,500 men. Of the troops raised here in the valley, General Shepard was in command. He at once proceeded to make himself strong at the Federal barracks, now called the Armory. None of the present buildings were there then; but there was a building containing arms and in the woods a powder magazine, of which Magazine street is still a reminder.

Captain Day was, meanwhile, drilling his men on West Springfield Common and making occasional raids. He captured General Parks and Doctor Whitney in their sleighs and making a dash into Longmeadow, pulled one man out of bed and took him to West Springfield. Eli Parsons with his men of Berkshire was posted in Chicopee, so that, with Shays at Pelham, able quickly to descend upon the towns to the east, Springfield was in this way so surrounded that it was hoped to prevent General Shepard from being reinforced until Shays had captured the guns and ammunition at the arsenal, of which he was much in need. In fact, Day did capture, at Chicopee bridge, a supply of provisions sent to Shepard from Northampton, and Shepard began to be desperately afraid that he could not keep his force together until Lincoln's army should come up.

By this time Lincoln's army was on the move to relieve Shepard and Shays saw that he must attack the arsenal at once or lose his cause. So he came off the heights of Pelham and appeared in Wilbraham with 1,100 men. The women and children of Wilbraham fled to Somers, but Shays kept on his way to Springfield. It was in the dead of winter and slow marching; so that Shepard was warned of their approach by a swift horseman from Wilbraham. He arranged his forces in two divisions; one on Main street, to keep Day from crossing over on the ice to join Shays and the rest he drew up before the arsenal and planted a howitzer in a good position

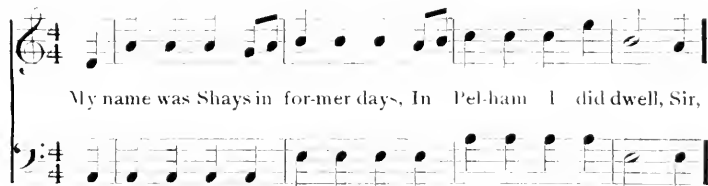
with several cannon to the rear. Several times he sent his aids on horseback to meet Shays on the Sixteen Acres road and demand what he wanted. Shays' reply was that "he wanted barracks; barracks he would have and stores." He was told that he must purchase them dear if he had them.

It was about four o'clock when Captain Shays with his more than a thousand men was seen moving down the present State street by Benton Park from off the Bay road. Reaching the vicinity of the present memorial boulder, they halted. General Shepard sent an aid to inform Shays that if he came nearer he would be fired upon, whereupon Shays started his men. Two shots were then fired by Shepard, not aimed directly at the rebels but only intended to frighten them. This having no effect, a howitzer full of grape shot was discharged into the center of their column. This caused a disturbance and the second or third shot put the whole army to rout. They turned and fled in confusion without firing a gun, leaving several of their comrades dead on the field.

With such a ridiculous ending to the dreaded march of Shays, one cannot speak of the field of battle, and in all the rebellion there was nothing that came any nearer to a battle. Had Shays been more of a leader he would have done either less or much more. As it was, he proved very like that king of France, who, with 20,000 men marched up a hill and then marched down again. Henceforth there was no fear for the safety of the Armory until the days of the Civil war.

If we may still use military language of such a fiasco, we would say that Shays, after the rout, fell back on Five Mile pond, where, making a stand, he next day joined Parsons in Chicopee with such of his men as had not deserted. General Lincoln meanwhile arrived on the scene, emerging from the Bay road and joining Shepard at the Armory. Being the

superior officer, he was from this time in charge and proceeded at once to break up what was left of the rebellion. A part of his force pursued Shays to Amherst whence he retreated to the fastnesses of Pelham where he, perhaps, thought that nothing but death and taxes could get him. He afterwards went for safety into the State of New York where he died in poverty. His life and exploits, real and imaginary, were made the subject of a ballad which became a popular song, even beyond the limits of Massachusetts. The entire ballad of nineteen verses may be found in the "Poets and Poetry of Springfield." The ancient music is here given.



General Lincoln ordered another part of his force to cross the river to encounter Day, who was still posted on West Springfield common; while the light horse meanwhile went up the river on the ice to cut off any union of Day with Shays. Day's men precipitately fled to some point beneath the terrace of the ancient river bank, perhaps not far from the site of the old white church where they made a stand and prepared themselves to receive an attack. Another flight and they

were on the heights where they were met by the light horse. Then began another rout. Some fled to Northampton and some fell out by the way. Among the latter was one Cooley who



hid under a convenient haystack and thereafter went by the name of "the haystack Colonel."

The backbone of the rebellion was now broken. General Lincoln was kept busy

for some months in the counties of Worcester, Berkshire and northern Hampshire in suppressing small outbreaks; but, finally, a general pardon was granted to those engaged in the rebellion who would take the oath of allegiance, which they all did, and "lived happily forever after."

Shays' Rebellion, though local, had results affecting the whole country. The news of it reached Washington, in the quiet of his Mount Vernon home, and he was greatly stirred. That such a glorious peace as ended the Revolution should be succeeded by such disorder he thought a disgrace. It was not a resistance to tyrants but free men resisting a government which they had themselves set up,—a government of law replaced by anarchy. He seemed to see the great work of his life undone. It was partly for this reason that he began to give the great influence of his character and wisdom to the creation of a strong central government which might help the states to maintain order. He again became the leader of the people, and, in part, out of such apparently unfruitful soil as Shays' Rebellion grew the final union of the states and the adoption of the Constitution.

CHAPTER VIII.

OLD TIMES AND NEW.—THE CHANGE TO MODERN WAYS.—
THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.—THE ARMORY.—
DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.—
1789-1852.

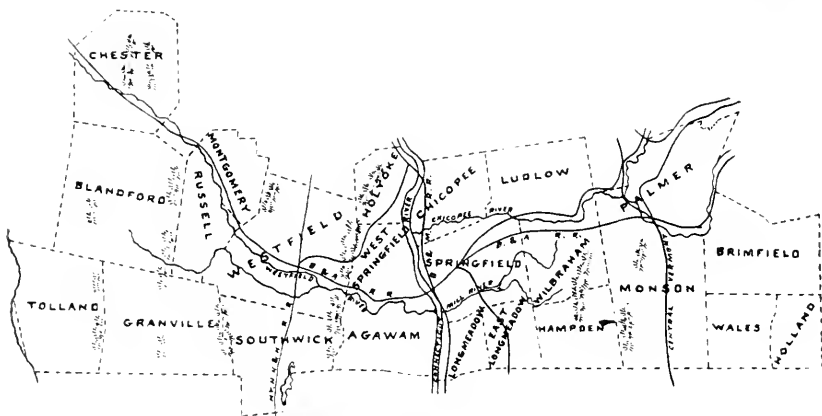


ELL me about old fashioned times," a small boy used to say to his mother, meaning the times when she was a girl. What really are the "old-fashioned times?" What is the old world and what the new?

We use these words in different senses. We say that modern times began with the invention of printing and the discovery of America and, again, we say that ancient history is the history of the world before Christ, which we call B. C. But when we are thinking of old and new in Springfield we might properly say that the old fashioned times gave place to the new in the period between the birth of the nation by the adoption of the Constitution in 1789 and the incorporation of Springfield as a city in 1852. During this period the ways of life had greatly changed and causes began to be which later resulted in still further changes.

In the earlier days, men and women, boys and girls, lived in a different way. Their work, their amusements, their

studies, their mode of travelling and even of eating and drinking were different. The change in so simple a matter as getting a drink of water is typical of everything else. Once a well sweep (page 24) stood by every door, except where there was a convenient spring. "The old oaken bucket, the moss covered bucket" is no more; there is not now a well sweep within the limits of Springfield. One of the first ancient customs to pass away was that of slavery. From the days of John Stewart there had been slaves in Springfield, all, with



MAP OF HAMPDEN COUNTY.

that exception, black. Finally, people all felt that slavery was neither profitable nor right, and although the slaves had always been kindly treated as members of the family, yet the custom vanished of itself without the passing of any law against it.

In this period, by the separation of Chicopee, Springfield came into the geographical form in which she has since remained, except for a slight change in the south line, and was henceforth the largest in population of the towns in the valley. For a time this was not so. West Springfield, at one

time, grew so rapidly as to be ahead of the mother town, and in the Revolution was called on to furnish more soldiers than Springfield; but the census of 1810 showed Springfield the more populous. Springfield, too, became the shire town of a new county. In the old county of Hampshire, which extended from Connecticut to New Hampshire and Vermont and was flanked east and west by Worcester and Berkshire, Northampton had been a county town. When the old county was divided, the middle section retained the old name, taken from one of the old counties of England. The northern section was named for Benjamin Franklin and the southern for John Hampden, a famous English patriot, who, believing that "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God," went of his free will to jail rather than pay the unjust ship money tax imposed by King Charles. He received his death wound fighting for the cause of liberty on one of the battlefields of the English revolution.

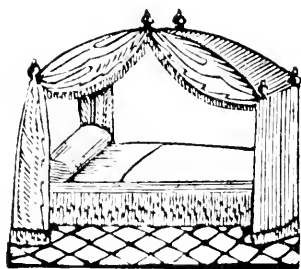


JOHN HAMPDEN.

Returning now to the ancient ways of life, we remember, as said in the second chapter, that in the very earliest times the people lived in houses made of logs and thatched with straw or grass. For windows they often had only oiled paper instead of glass. But things had gradually improved; so that many of the boys and girls whose fathers went as soldiers in the Revolution lived in much larger and more convenient

houses. Nevertheless, the best of those houses were rather cold in winter. Neither furnaces nor stoves were known. The only fire was in the great kitchen fireplace, with sometimes another fireplace in the parlor. The great fire, built from huge sticks, crackled and roared and looked very warm, as indeed it was, if one was near enough to it. It boiled the kettle, hanging on the crane, and baked the buckwheat cakes; but while it gave out heat it was sucking in a deal of cold from all parts of the house, so that one would be warm in front and cold on the back, unless he sat on a settle. A settle was a seat with a high back extending to the floor. Sometimes the chimney place was so large that the settle was inside and one could look up and see the stars.

When bedtime came the great fire was useless. It consumed a vast quantity of wood, the preparation of which made the sound of "chop, chop, chop," a very familiar one at every house, and, as there would be no one to feed it during the night, it was carefully covered with ashes, in order to keep the

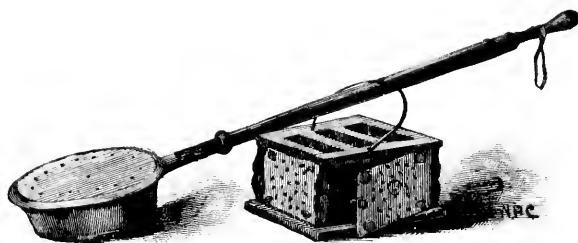


coals alive until the next morning. Should it go out in those days when matches were unknown, somebody would go to the neighbors for live coals. The bed rooms were, of course, pretty cold, but, thanks to the great feather beds, the sleepers got warm after awhile and were able to keep so, sometimes by the aid of close

curtains, all around and above the bed. Just before getting in it, the bed would be heated by the warming pan, a brass pan containing live coals and moved about between the sheets.

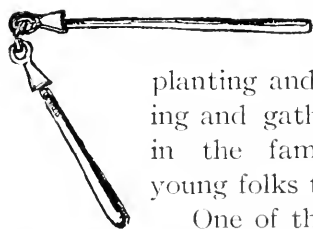
In the meeting-house there were no fireplaces; but the women tried to keep warm by the aid of a little footstove, filled with hot coals. The children, too, were often very cold in school. In the school house at Tatham little Lydia would find the pie frozen in the dinner basket under her seat, but she lived through it all to a healthy old age. It is not so much what we endure as how well we learn to endure, that counts.

People made their own butter and cheese and the boys milked cows and churned butter, while the girls early learned to spin; for the



FOOTSTOVE AND WARMING PAN.

cloth generally worn was made in the family and for this reason called "homespun." It took continual spinning to make the clothes for a large family. The flax for linen was raised on the farm, then dressed and carded; the wool, too, was raised at home. For the colors, if brown was wanted, the children had to gather butternut leaves for the



dye. With all this, milking and churning, spinning and weaving, planting and hoeing, haying and husking, threshing and gathering apples for cider, all going on in the family, there was not much time for young folks to go to school.

One of the most useful farming tools was the flail. With it all the grain that made bread for the family was pounded out by hand on the barn floor. The thumping



of the flail was as familiar as the chopping of the axe as it cut the cords of wood for winter use. An old-time farmer used to say that he could always tell whether the man doing the threshing was working by the day or the job. If the former, the flail seemed to say, "By—the—day, by—the—day, by—the—day;" if by the job, the flail sang merrily, "By-the-job, by-the-job, by the job, job, job." Such is human nature that one is apt to accomplish more when he works for himself. When the right to do this is entirely cut off the result is slavery.

Notice the farming operations, pictured on these two pages. Late in March or early in April comes maple sugar making and when the weather gets warm enough to put the sheep into the water, their wool is first washed and then sheared;



during the slack time of summer, when planting and hoeing are over, rails can be split for mending the fences, and in the fall the boys can catch rabbits. All these were

familiar scenes hereabouts in olden times and are now in some parts of the country. One who wishes to recall in imagination the way of living in the old days may visit the



Day house in West Springfield and see the ancient relics.

But about the beginning of the nineteenth century several events happened, which in the end changed all this and made Springfield, first, a large town, and then a city. The chief of these was the discovery of the useful power of steam; this meant steamboats and railroads. Others were the invention of the power loom and the spinning jenny, moved at first by water power; this meant the gathering of people into mills and the disappearance of cloth manufacture from the family. Modern machinery, in which Thomas Blanchard, of this town, won much fame as an inventor, began to take the place of human hands. The family life was all changed. There was less to be done and the bigger boys could go to school in summer, when before they could only be spared in the winter. With



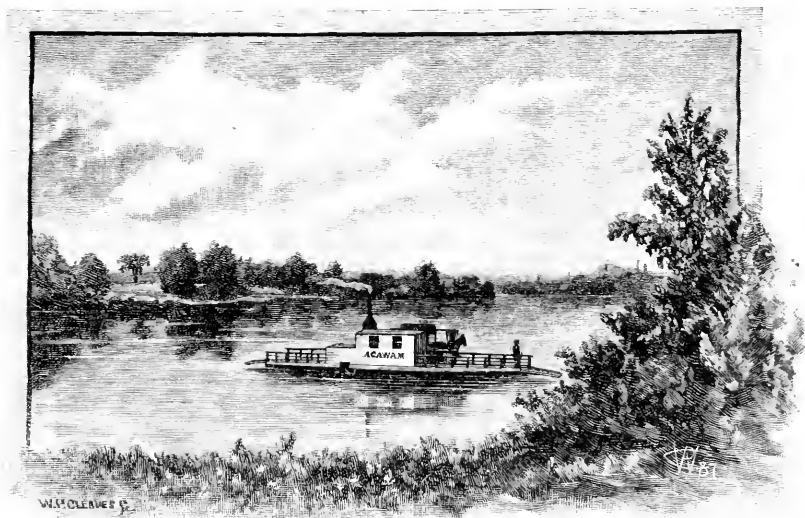
all these changes there was more demand for work and more people began to come from other countries.

As population increased the wild animals gave way before it. The panther retired to forests more remote; the beaver left the streams and the deer went further north and were not seen after 1820. The last bear known at Bear Hole came out of that dark lair about 1790 when Seth Smith was hoeing corn. Wild turkeys lingered but the last survivors were those on Mount Nonotuck about 1850. The beautiful salmon that once leaped and danced in the rapids of Schonunganunk entirely disappeared, soon to be followed by the sturgeon and the shad.

A century and a half had passed after the settlement and as yet all the crossing of the river had been by canoes, skiffs and scow ferry boats, when one day the minister of the old church foretold a bridge in coming time. "Parson Howard talks like a fool," said Colonel Worthington. But Parson Howard was right and in 1809 the first bridge was completed. Not being strong enough it went down stream; but in 1816 another was ready that was to outlast the century. Its great timbered arches were an object of admiration. When the large droves of cattle that once passed through the country were going over the bridge, running, pushing and throwing their horns about, it was up these arches that the foot traveler could run for safety. Both the bridges were built with money raised by a public lottery, for it was not until later that the evils resulting from getting money by chance were so clearly seen as to make games of chance to be forbidden by law.

How Springfield looked from the river, below the town, in 1796, was described by President Dwight of Yale College, who was taking a horseback journey up the valley. "We took," says he, in his "Travels in New England and New

York," "a road along the bank of a river from Suffield through an almost absolute wilderness and crossed a ferry, one mile below Springfield. On the river we were presented with a very romantic prospect. The river itself, for several miles, both above and below, one-fourth of a mile wide, was in full view. Agawam, a considerable tributary on the west, with a large and handsome interval on the tongue between the two streams,

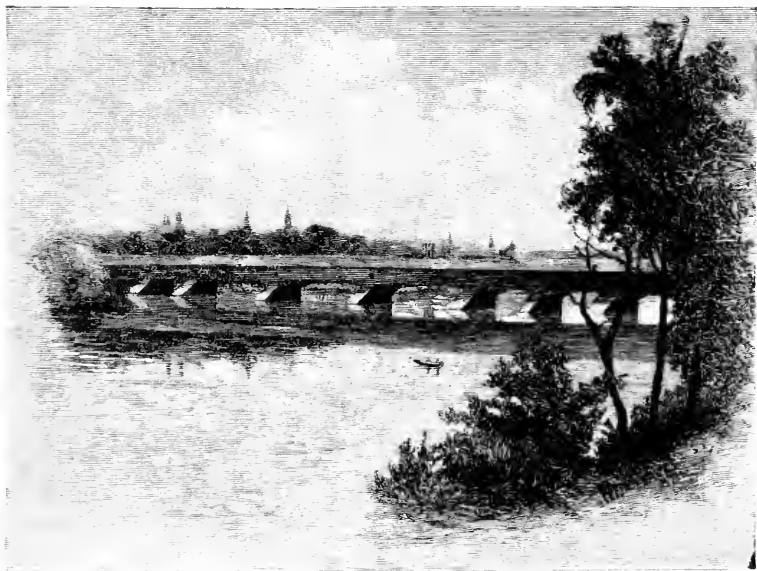


AGAWAM FERRY.

joined the Connecticut at a small distance above. The peak of Mount Tom rose nobly in the northwest, at a distance of twelve miles. A little eastward of the Connecticut the white spire of a Springfield church, embosomed in trees, animated the scene in a manner remarkably picturesque. On this side, immediately below the ferry, rose several rude hills, crossed by a sprightly mill stream. At their foot commenced an extensive intervale called Longmeadow; above which, in

the midst of groves and orchards, ascended the spire of Long-meadow church. The evening was just so far advanced, as, without obscuring materially the distinctness of our view, to give an inimitable softening to the landscape.

"We arrived at sundown. The town is built chiefly on a single street, lying parallel with the river nearly two miles.



THE OLD TOLL BRIDGE.

The houses are chiefly on the western side. On the eastern a brook runs almost the whole length; a fact which is, I believe, singular. From the street a marsh extends about forty or fifty rods to the brow of an elevated pine plain. The waters of this marsh are a collection of living springs, too cold and too active to admit of putrefaction on their surface; and for this reason, probably, the town is not unhealthy. Part of this marsh has been converted into meadow. When

the rest has undergone the same process, the beauty of the situation will be not a little improved. The houses of Springfield are more uniformly well built than those of any other inland town in the state, except Worcester. An uncommon appearance of neatness prevails almost everywhere, refreshing the eye of a traveler."

On a Monday, the 27th of November, 1824, a crowd of people was gathered at the foot of Elm street and at other places on the bank of the river. They were watching the coming of the first steamboat seen in Springfield. The *Barnett* must have been an object of great interest as she rounded the bend of the stream and steamed towards the town. On this occasion the following are supposed to have been the words of

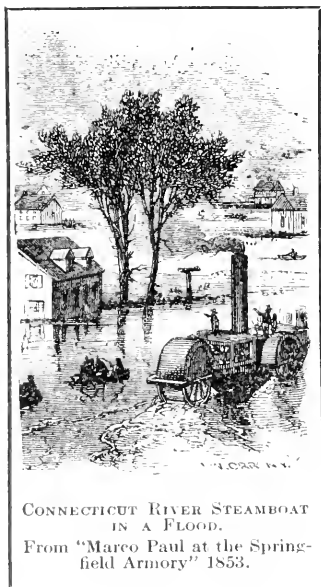
THE STURGEON TO THE STEAMBOAT.



"What for ye're makin' such a dashin'
And through the water such a splashin'?
I'll tell ye what it's no the fashion
In these 'ere parts,
To make such a confounded buzzin';
Take care or ye'll disturb our dozin'!
What are ye? first or second cousin
To the Sea Sarpent?"

Thus did a local rhymer express himself in one of the newspapers. It was in this period that river steamboats were displacing stages, afterwards themselves to be displaced by railroads. The sturgeon, a fish about as big and long as a man's body, has not, it is believed, been seen in this part of the river for the past twenty-five years.

A line of small steamboats was established between Springfield and Hartford. On one of these Charles Dickens embarked when he came to this town in 1842. "It certainly was not called," he wrote, "a small steamboat without reason. I should think it must have been about half a pony power. Mr. Paap, the celebrated dwarf, might have lived and died happily in the cabin, which was fitted with common sash

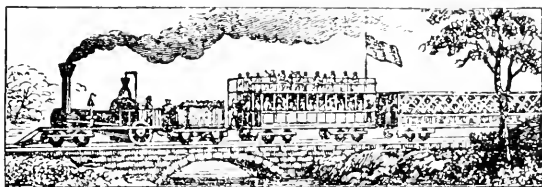


windows, like an ordinary dwelling house. These windows had bright red curtains too, hung on slack strings across the lower panes, so that it looked like the parlor of a Lilliputian public house, which had got afloat in a flood or some other water accident, and was drifting nobody knew where. But even in this chamber there was a rocking chair. It would be impossible to get on anywhere, in America, without a rocking chair."

It was just before this visit of the great novelist that the railroad had been built from Boston to Springfield. The people of the town had been eager to bring this to pass. They knew that great things would come of it and Justice Willard declared in a public meeting that one would be able to go from Springfield to Boston "between sun and sun." But when he added "and back again," there were those who thought it a wild prophecy. Pictures of the early engines and cars look queer to our eyes. The passengers had to endure some bumping over rough track but they welcomed something faster

than the old yellow stages, with four horses and a bugle, that connected Springfield with Boston, Albany, Hartford and other towns. The chief engineer of the new railroad was Major Whistler, whose portrait hangs in the City Library. He brought his boy James with him when he came to reside here. James used to amuse his schoolmates with his clever drawings and afterwards went abroad, where he became one of the famous artists of the world. His paintings and etchings hang in the great galleries of Europe.

When the railroad was built from Springfield to Hartford it made necessary the removal of the ancient ceme-



tery at the foot of Elm street. The training ground and the pound had long since gone and for the cemetery there was now provided a beautiful tract of hill and dell which, for a cemetery, is exceptionally near the heart of the city, yet so full of birds and squirrels, old oaks and tall pines, as to be interesting to a naturalist. To this place was removed the dust of Mary Pynchon, of her brother, the Major, of the brave Captain Holyoke and the good French peddler. The selection of this spot was made by William B. O. Peabody, clergyman, poet, naturalist and a man of pure and refined character, whose life, most of it spent here, was a blessing to the town. By reason of his knowledge of birds the celebrated Audubon once came here to visit him. Verses by him are given on page 39.

Two notable men visited Springfield at about the close of this period. One was Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, a champion of freedom, an exile from his country, and a

master of thirteen languages. He made here an address in English. The other was Father Mathew, the great apostle of total abstinence, whose wonderful work in Ireland had filled



THEOBALD MATHEW.

the world with his fame and made the temperance reform respected and popular. By his own efforts for temperance he had remarkably reduced the amount of crime committed in his own country. Coming to Springfield in 1849 and standing in the church of his own faith, then located on the corner of Union and Willow streets, he administered the pledge to people of all faiths. Many societies that are today organized for total

abstinence bear his honored name.

The Armory has been a great help to the prosperity of Springfield. We

have seen that Washington approved of the location here. When president he passed through the town and his diary describes his careful inspection. Little had as yet been done;



but later such buildings were erected as

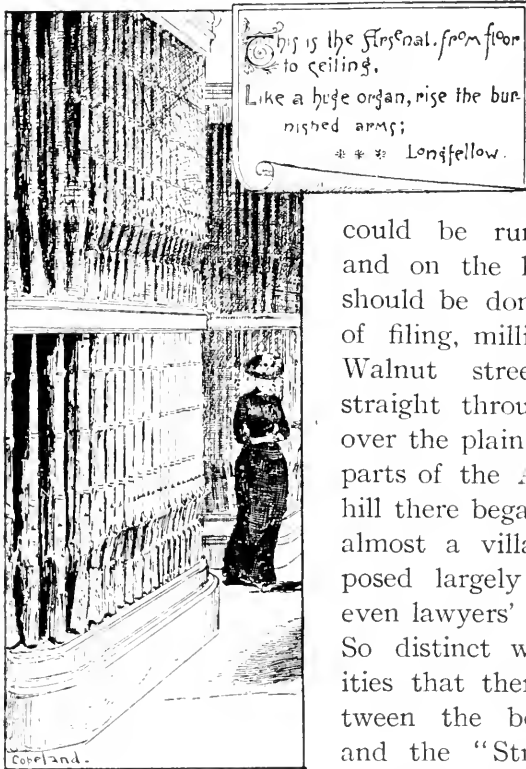
allowed a large manufacture. As the words are used in the United States, an armory is a place for the manufacture of arms and an arsenal a place where they are stored. It was

decided that the heavy work of forging the barrels should be done at the Water-shops, where the trip hammer

could be run by water power, and on the hill, "Armory Hill," should be done the lighter work of filing, milling and assembling. Walnut street was then run straight through the woods and over the plain to connect the two parts of the Armory, and on the hill there began to be, as it were, almost a village by itself, composed largely of armorers, with even lawyers' offices, and a bank. So distinct were these communities that there was rivalry between the boys of the "Hill" and the "Street," and snowball and other fights were common

between "Hillers" and "Streeters." When a boy of either set passed the line of School and Spring streets he was subject to attack by the boys of the other side.

The Armory has long been noted for its excellent guns and the old "Springfield musket" did good service in the



Civil war; but, good as it was, the present Springfield rifle shows what may be accomplished by continual improvement. The tower of the Arsenal is eighty-eight and one-half feet high and among those who have ascended it for the fine view of this valley was the poet Longfellow. In his day a floor was nearly filled with guns, stacked in frames. His attention was called by Mrs. Longfellow to the fact that these stacked arms resembled the pipes of an organ; and to this circumstance is due one of the finest poems ever written in the cause of universal peace. The prophecy in the second stanza was fully realized a few years later in the Civil war.



THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
 Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
 But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
 Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
 When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
 What loud lament and dismal Miserere
 Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
 The cries of agony, the endless groan,
 Which through the ages that have gone before us,
 In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
 Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
 And loud, amid the universal clamor,
 O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
 Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
 And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
 Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
 The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
 The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
 The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

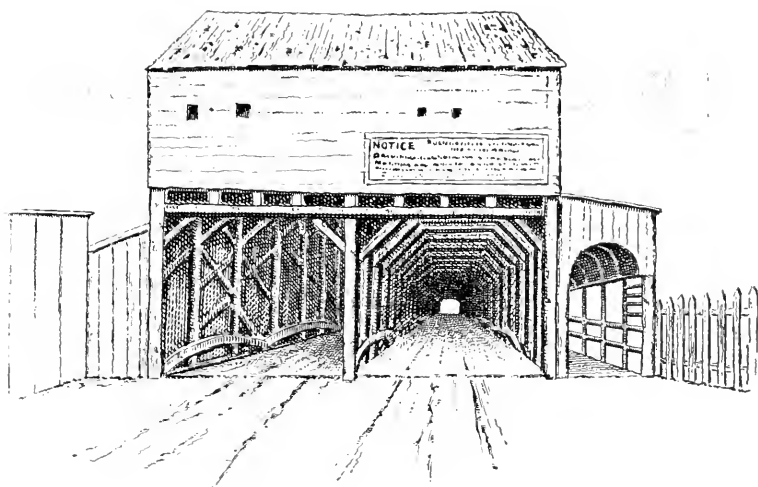
Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts;

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say,
"Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals
The holy melodies of love arise.

—*Longfellow*, 1807-1882



ENTRANCE TO SPRINGFIELD OVER THE OLD TOLL BRIDGE.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NEW CITY.—ANTI-SLAVERY.—THE CIVIL WAR.

WE have now come to the year 1852. As the new world reckons youth and age, Springfield was no longer young. With age had come numbers; the population had reached 12,000 and the town was already not only a mother of towns, but a grandmother. The size of the population made necessary a change in the method of government. For over two hundred years the voters had all met together for the town business, gathering first under some tree, then in some private house, next in the meeting-house and last in the town hall on State street. At first the settlement was called a plantation, for this is all it was, a tract of planted ground in a wilderness and surrounded by wild beasts and Indians. This word had long been replaced by the word

“town,” meaning a community whose affairs are governed by selectmen chosen by all the voters meeting together in one place.

This plan now becoming impracticable because of the increasing number, the General Court of Massachusetts granted a charter or body of laws for the regulation of affairs by which the government was to be by a city council and mayor chosen by the voters meeting in wards, then first created. Upon the acceptance of this charter April 21, 1852, the old town became a young city, the first in western Massachusetts. From this time there has been no essential change in the territorial limits, but each census has shown continued growth of population.

Every town which has been incorporated into a city has its corporate seal. A seal is an engraved stamp which, being impressed upon paper or wax, shows that what is written or printed on the paper is genuine and has such authority as the owner of the seal can give it. The effect of the seal on the paper is, of course, to make a raised impression, but sometimes a likeness of the seal is printed from a plate like type. By such a printing a book or document is not really or legally sealed, but for many purposes this is sufficient. The real seal is in the custody of the city clerk.

The seal of the city of Springfield, as adopted, was descriptive of what the town had been and then was. In the lower left-hand quarter is a view of the river with boats and with houses on the bank. In the right-hand quarter is the house built by John Pynchon, or “old fort.” Above, nearly the whole field is occupied by a view of a railroad train passing out of the station, as the station was then,



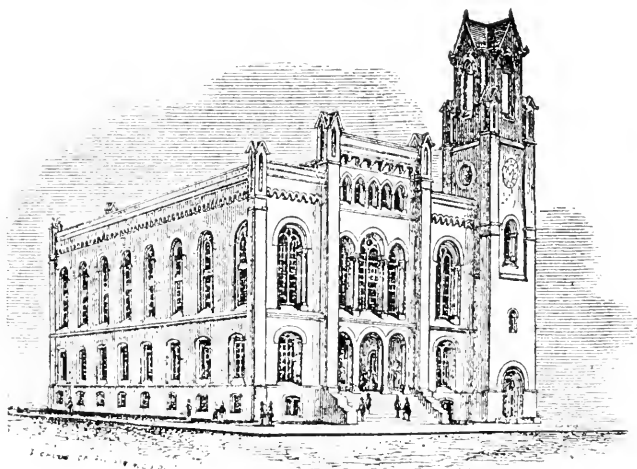
and crossing the river. In the upper part of the seal is the United States Arsenal. Thus here are represented commerce by rail and river, manufactures and history. There is not, as in the seals of Connecticut and Vermont, any suggestion of agriculture. This only shows how the old "plantation" was becoming lost in the modern city.

When the charter was accepted the first thing to be done was to elect a mayor and the members of the city council. The latter was composed of a board of nine aldermen and a common council. There were two candidates for mayor and both eventually held the office; but for the first time Caleb Rice was chosen. He was then the high sheriff of the county and had removed to Springfield from West Springfield. He had a daughter Elizabeth, who, when she grew to womanhood, went to Italy for study and married a citizen of that country. She wrote verses and, under her married name of Bianciardi, published a book called "At Home in Italy."

Soon after the incorporation of the city there was built a City Hall, a large and towered building, holding all the city offices and also having a big audience room for public meetings. There was a bell in the tower that took up the work of the church bell, in announcing to the people, in the ancient fashion, that the hour of nine o'clock at night had come. It was also the bell of the clock, striking the hours. The nine o'clock bell was at last discontinued and in later years replaced by the so-called curfew or bell at half-past nine. For half a century the City Hall was a favorite for large political meetings, fairs and concerts, but in 1905 it was destroyed by fire and the great bell fell to the ground.

An exhibition was being held in the large hall. At the noon hour this hall was nearly deserted. A kerosene lamp was burning and a monkey got loose. Whether the monkey

overturned the lamp and caused the fire is not certainly known. The fire was the occasion of a fine example of devotion to duty by two assistants in the office of the city clerk. Their names were Edith M. Ware and Bertha B. Fuller. They had both been pupils in Springfield schools. For the protection of the priceless records of the city there was a great fire-proof vault. It was necessary to take out the records during the day for use, but at its close they were replaced in the vault.



CITY HALL, 1854-1905.

At the beginning of the fire the city clerk was absent. When the knowledge of the fire reached his office it had made much headway and danger was near. The first impulse, of course, would be to flee, and, indeed, everyone was fleeing from the building; but there were the heavy books of priceless records lying about. The two clerks gathered them all up, placed them all in the vault and then shut and locked the ponderous door. This took time and courage. Meanwhile the fire was upon them and they were but just able to escape; in fact,

Miss Fuller, arriving at the door of the building, was so overcome by the smoke that she had to be rescued by others.

Thus the lesson of doing one's duty, having been early learned, received its magnificent illustration in the face of danger and death and becomes a part of the history of the city. We recall the motto of John Pynchon, when, self-interest tempting him to remove from Springfield and leave the town to its fate, he wrote that he should *Stick to it.*

While Springfield was yet a town, there began to be a great deal said about slavery, as it existed in the South, and its spread into the new states. Among the people of Springfield, some of them were deeply interested. Most of them believed that slavery was wrong and a curse to the country and some wanted to do what they could to help the slaves. The laws were against them and forbade aiding a runaway slave, but they believed there was, in this case, a higher law, above the laws of men. Accordingly they arranged with others of the same opinions, who lived in other states, to aid the slaves who tried to escape from their masters.

When a slave, traveling through the woods by night and successful in eluding the bloodhounds on his track, at last got into a free state north of Maryland, he would go to the house of one of the friends of freedom of whom he had heard in some secret way. Here he would be kept through the day and at night he would start for the house of some other friend, further north. Thus he would keep on until he reached Canada, and, that being a British province, as soon as he touched her soil he became lawfully free. The line of escape from Maryland to Canada, by reason of the secrecy and night traveling, was called "the underground railroad," and the houses of the friends of freedom made the different stations.

The house of Doctor Osgood, minister of the old church, no longer the only church, was one of the stations. It was on Main street, just below Howard street. When the runaway arrived, before light in the morning, he was given a break-



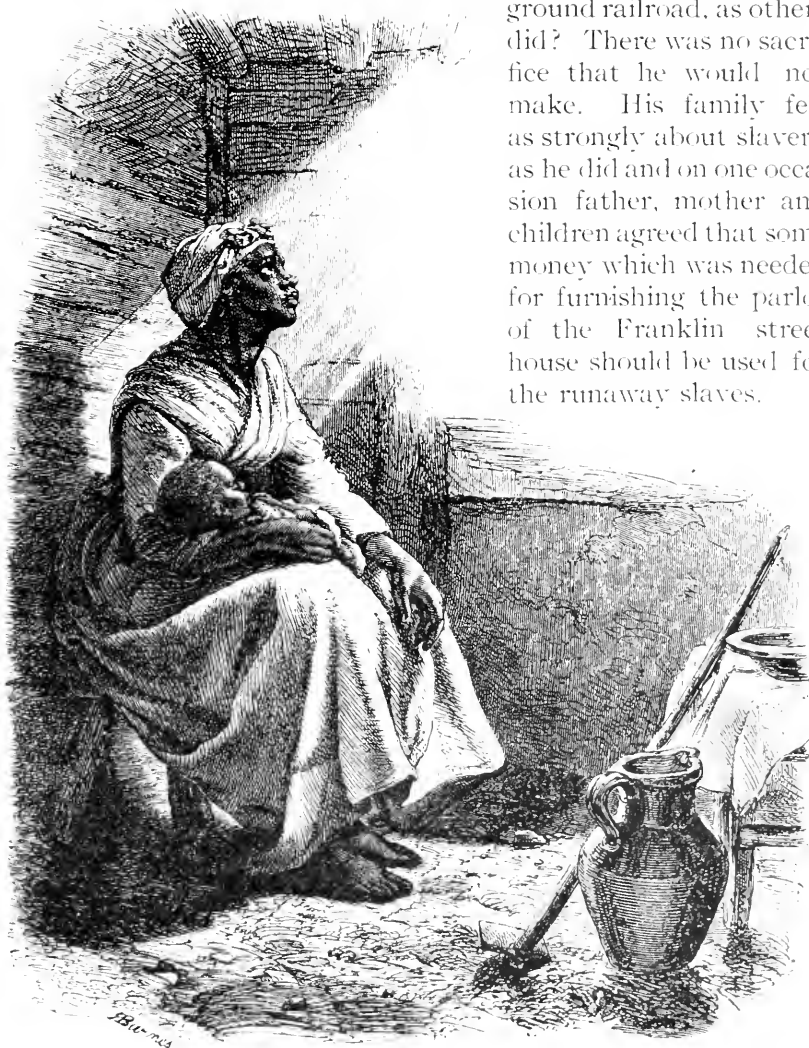
SAMUEL B. OSGOOD.

fast and put to bed in a little back room which the Doctor called "the prophet's chamber." At night he started again on his journey. In one of these years as many as fifty slaves were sheltered by the minister. It is evident that Doctor Osgood was a man of sympathy and kindness and had the courage to stand by what he believed. He was interesting in other ways, blunt and witty in his speech, as illustrated in the stories still current about him. All his life in the minis-

try was spent in Springfield and he died an aged and honored man. When he was visiting a school, as a member of the committee, the teacher wrote a figure "9" on the blackboard, without closing the loop at the top. "What's that," said the doctor, "a hook?" This amused the scholars and probably made the teacher more careful about figures.

Among the citizens of Springfield who took an active interest in anti-slavery, there is none more famous than John Brown, but he was not then famous; he was only known as a wool merchant with his warehouse near the railroad and his house at one time was on the north side of Franklin street, about one hundred feet from Main street and is yet standing. He was more concerned about slavery than wool. His soul was on fire with indignation, that man should hold property

in man. He prayed much about it; but what could he, a wool merchant, do except to help the slaves along on the underground railroad, as others did? There was no sacrifice that he would not make. His family felt as strongly about slavery as he did and on one occasion father, mother and children agreed that some money which was needed for furnishing the parlor of the Franklin street house should be used for the runaway slaves.



THE SLAVE MOTHER.

One evening there was an address by the eminent Charles Sumner, who, as senator from Massachusetts afterwards was almost killed on account of his speeches against slavery. After the address Sumner and Brown went into the back store of Rufus Elmer, a Main street shoe dealer and ardent abolitionist. They were talking of the slavery question, when Sumner said, "Mr. Brown, slavery is doomed; but not in your day or in mine." Brown, raising high his hand, brought it down with decision, saying devoutly, "I hope to God to die in the cause."

Not long after he went to Kansas and engaged in the struggle to make the new state a free state. He and his family risked their lives there and one of his sons was killed. He became widely known as "Ossawatimie Brown." He then went to Virginia and attempted to set in execution his plan to free the slaves, by arming them with pikes. It failed and he was hanged for treason against the commonwealth of Virginia. But the country was stirred and this event was one of those that brought on the Civil war. It was not long before the soldiers of the National army were going to battle with the song of

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave
But his soul goes marching on."

Its strains were wafted back to his old home in Springfield and the children in the public schools were singing it. Brown made a mistake as to how slavery could be ended, but his was a great heart true to God and his fellow men, and really helped in the overthrow of slavery in a way that he did not think.

John Brown of Ossawatimie spake on his dying day:
"I will not have to shrive my soul a priest in Slavery's pay.
But let some poor slave-mother whom I have striven to free,
With her children, from the gallows-stair put up a prayer for me!"

John Brown of Ossawatimie, they led him out to die;
 And lo! a poor slave-mother with her little child pressed nigh.
 Then the bold, blue eye grew tender, and the old harsh face grew
 mild,
 As he stooped between the jeering ranks and kissed the negro's
 child!

The shadows of his stormy life that moment fell apart;
 And they who blamed the bloody hand forgave the loving heart.
 That kiss from all its guilty means redeemed the good intent,
 And round the grizzly fighter's hair the martyr's aureole bent!"

—Whittier.

On April 5, 1857, died Springfield's last survivor of the Revolution, familiarly known to the children as "Grandpa Edwards." He had long been a feature in the processions on the Fourth of July, riding in a carriage and returning the salutations of the bystanders. His funeral was the occasion of military display, with martial music.



There used to be much gay color and decoration in the militia, all of which was laid aside for serious business when the Civil war came on in 1861. The City Guards, who were out at Grandpa Edwards' funeral, wore blue frock coats, light trousers and looked very formidable in their towering bear skin hats. The Horse Guards used to wear red coats, white trousers and chapeaux, like those of the Knights Templar, carrying a black or white plume. They carried sabres and had pistol holders each side of the saddle. The Light Infantry, who had flourished before 1844, wore red swallow-tailed coats, white trousers, and on their conical hats wore fountain plumes, that is, several plumes drooping. By their side they carried canteens. The parade ground was the plain around

the lately accepted Gerrish Park. Training Day was one of the great days of the year to old and young.

As the last of the soldiers of the Revolution were dropping



THE SPIRIT OF TRAINING DAY.

into their graves, events began to happen which in the end brought forth a mightier army than was ever marshalled in this country be-

fore or since. One of these, as we have seen, was John Brown's raid in Virginia, voicing the feelings, though not the policy, of a large part of the north; but the culminating one was the election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency. Brown ineffectually struck at slavery, but it was for the great president in the midst of a war that shook the very foundations of the nation, to strike slavery down and give freedom to millions of people.

It was at Chicago, in 1860, that Lincoln was nominated, and the president of the convention was George Ashmun of this city, a distinguished and able man. He had been in Congress and was an intimate friend of the great Daniel Webster, whose famous speeches had already taught the people that the Union could not legally be broken by the secession of any one or more of the states. Webster used often to be in Springfield, visiting Ashmun, and together they fished in the brooks of Granby or hunted woodcock within the present limits of Forest Park.

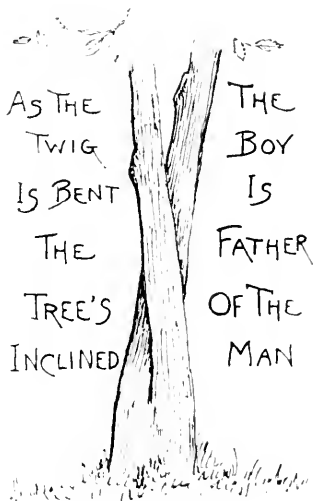
A memorial of Ashmun remains on the lawn, where was once his residence, at the corner of School and Mulberry streets. Standing there with his little daughter and looking

at a small sapling, he remarked, "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," and twisted the two stems of the sapling. The great elm still stands to teach its lesson that it is in childhood and youth that character is formed.

After the Chicago Convention had nominated Lincoln, Mr. Ashmun, as chairman of the committee, went to Mr. Lincoln's home to inform him of the fact. Some friends had sent in a hamper of wine that the committee and others might drink his health. But Mr. Lincoln, having early in life seen the evil of intemperance, never touched strong drink or offered it in his home. On this occasion, also, he showed the courage of his opinions and cold water took the place of wine.

The inauguration of Lincoln was quickly followed by the loss of Fort Sumter at the hands of the rising South. From Springfield, of course, went forth brave men who should fight the dreadful battles of a four-years' war, to save the Union. Where are now Wilbraham avenue and other streets east of it was a regimental camp, drilling and awaiting orders to move.

The children had a share in the great events. The girls made "comfort bags" which held needles, thread and other little needful things for homeless soldiers who had no sisters to sew on buttons or mend a rent and the boys collected money to pay for those things. There were men needed in the Armory as well as on the field and the works were run night and day.



ASHMUN MEMORIAL.

For four years the war went on, with alternating successes and defeats for the north until at last the victories won by General Grant indicated that he would, in the end, bring all out right. Guiding all was the wise Lincoln, criticised, reviled,



MAKING COMFORT BAGS.

weighed down with responsibility, but looking always to a Higher Power for help for himself and the nation.

One day the bells of Springfield rang out with joy: the President had made a proclamation freeing the slaves. It was very different from the time when the bell of the old Methodist church on the corner of Union and Mulberry streets was tolled, the day when John Brown was hanged. Only a few years had passed and what, at first, seemed an idle dream of

an enthusiast was now an accomplished fact. Thus "Man proposes and God disposes." With great wisdom Lincoln had chosen the day and made the proclamation in which may be read this sentence, "Upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

In the spring of 1865 came the close of the war, quickly followed by the martyrdom of the President and the linking of his name as saviour of the country with that of Washington, its father. The regiments from Springfield and vicinity were mustered out of service and, returning to the city, made their last march through Main street, their ranks thinned by death and themselves looking worn and tired. But they had done their share in proving the truth of Webster's words, "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable, now and forever." Upon the results of the Revolution and the Civil war the nation rests in security.

It was not many weeks after the end of this war that General Grant made a brief visit to this city. He had fought many battles in which his soldiers were armed with the Springfield musket, and of course, he was interested in the place of its manufacture. He inspected the Armory on the Hill and also the Watershops. He was greeted by a great crowd of citizens near the railroad station and taken upon a high platform whence he was introduced by the mayor, but he made no speech. His deeds were mighty, but on public occasions his words were few. There seemed to be nothing military in his appearance, except a narrow cord of yellow braid around his hat and the single star on his shoulder.

Among those who came to this city and spoke in the cause of freedom in the days of anti-slavery and the Civil war were

Carl Schurz, the exiled German patriot, who, after becoming a citizen of the United States, became a general in the army in the Civil war and afterwards a famous statesman; and Frederick Douglass, once a slave and afterwards an eloquent orator, who held high positions in the gift of the nation. An interesting woman who resided here was Eliza Farrer, a writer for children. She had had many experiences in various parts of the world and wrote about them in a book, which she called "Recollections of Seventy Years."

Two men who had a very wide reputation were the editors, Samuel Bowles and Josiah Gilbert Holland. Doctor Holland wrote many books, of which his "Letters to Young People" were practical and popular. He wrote "Bay Path," an historical novel about Mary Pynchon, and started the *Century* magazine. There is a fine profile of his face on his monument in the old cemetery, made by St. Gaudens, the famous sculptor of the statue in honor of Deacon Chapin on Merriek Park. Samuel Bowles, the second in the line of four journalists of that name, was one of the founders of modern journalism. He was once unjustly imprisoned in another state for telling the truth about a man who did much evil; for he believed that his journal should be outspoken when the public interests were at stake.



CHAPTER X.

A LOOK BACKWARDS.—THE SPANISH WAR.—THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.



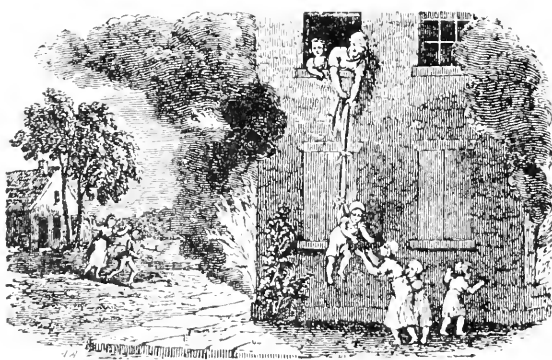
IN THE year 1886, Springfield celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement. A quarter of a millennium had gone by and people looked back and compared the then present with the past. There was an oration and a great procession, including an historical pageant in which many boys and girls took part. The times of William Pynchon were illustrated in costume by those in the procession. The chief marshal was William Pynchon, seventh in descent from the founder.

It is when looking back from one of these view points that we realize how great has been the progress of the city in this long period. In this last chapter it will be well to select two examples and see how the modern times differ from the old. One of these examples shall be the means of putting out fires and the other the education of children.

In early days houses were, some of them, shingled, but many thatched with straw. Of course great care had to be taken lest a spark should get into the straw, as it might do from a burning chimney or from some one carrying coals through the street. So the town voted that no one should carry uncovered fire along the street and that every man should sweep out his chimney every month in winter and every two months in summer. He was obliged also to keep

a ladder of sixteen rungs for better getting at the roof. One man was fined for smoking on a haycock. In order that water might be always at hand the ditch or brook in front of the houses was to be kept well scoured and a good stream running. So when fire came and the roof caught some went up the ladder and others passed up water from the brook. Until after the Revolution this was the only way of putting out a fire.

At last some of the citizens bought a little fire engine and

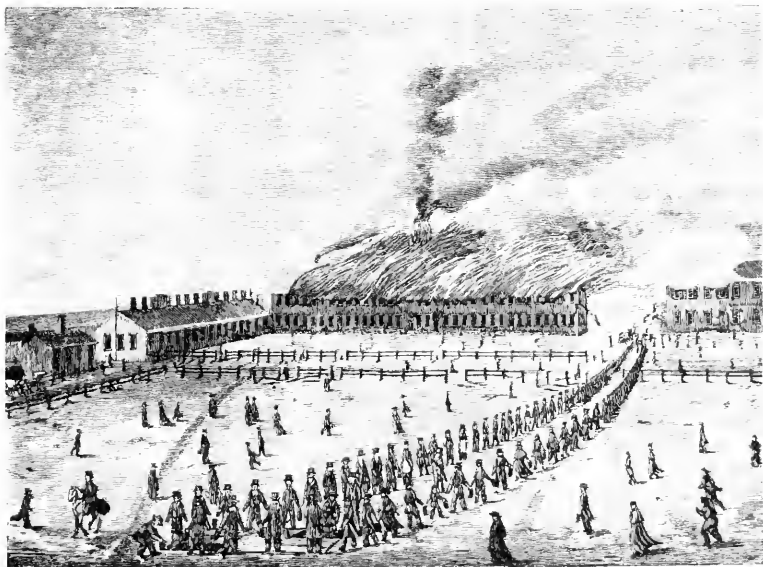


gave it to the church for the use of the town. Of course there was no steam about it; the power of steam was not yet known. The engine was merely a pump on wheels. There was a small

reservoir for water, called a tub, and the pump handles were long wooden rods at each side called brakes. In order to see it in action let us suppose that it is the year 1810, a year in which a fire occurred in a house on the corner of Dwight and State streets. Whoever has discovered the fire has shouted the alarm. Everybody who hears it shouts "Fire! Fire! Fire!" at the top of his voice. The cry is taken up until probably from Mill river to Round Hill people are shouting "fire!" The bell on the old church is ringing. Every man is obliged to keep a fire bucket and some have bags in which to carry out articles to a place of safety. When a man leaves his house he catches up his bucket, or if he is not at home,

his wife tosses it out to some one who is hurrying by and will give it to the owner when he meets him at the fire.

Meanwhile the engine men have opened the door of the engine house, then standing at a place which is now in the roadway of State street, near Market. The machine is pulled out and run up the street to the burning building. Men are

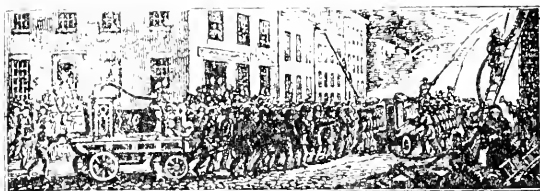


THE BURNING OF U. S. ARMORY, 1824.

now running to the scene from all directions. No sooner are they arrived than they take their places in a double line which runs from the house to the town brook. Up one line the buckets full of water are passed only to go rapidly back again when they have been emptied into the tub. Everybody works lively and the tub is kept full. A man standing on the engine directs the stream upon the fire through a short hose.

The hose is so short, only five feet in length, that the engine must be got very close to the building, and even then it is not very effective to reach the roof. The men at the brake are working with might and main, and between their efforts and those who have got upon the roof and poured on water, the fire is put out. Some of the boarding is burned but the huge beams are only charred, even yet to stand for three-quarters of a century before the old house was to give way to a modern building.

It was some years after this that a longer hose came into



use and also a suction hose, so that the engine standing by the brook could suck up its own water and the firemen

could reach with the long hose the Main street houses. As buildings on Main street increased in height this was very important. One night the Hampden house at the northeast corner of Court Square took fire. As the hose was being taken up the stairs the firemen met a colored songstress, who had given a concert that evening. She was known as "the Black Swan." Frantic with excitement, she exclaimed, "Save me, I'm the Black Swan." "Look out, then," said a fireman, "or you'll get your feathers scorched." Of course the town brook was of no use except in the old part of the town, so, as the city increased, large reservoirs kept full by rains were constructed under the streets. Several of these remain, as, for example, one on Union street near Mulberry. The old engine was in time replaced by another and then others were added, the "Lion," the "Tiger," the "Niagara" and the "Cataract."

then the "Eagle" and the "Ocean;" and there was a hook and ladder company manned by Germans.

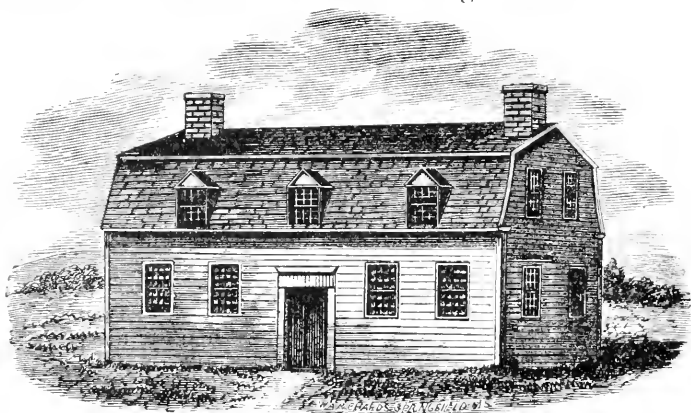
It was in those days of several hand engines that "Firemen's Muster" was a favorite holiday. The procession was gay with the red coats, shining black hats and blue trousers of the men as they pulled at the ropes attached to their engines and hose carts. After the procession the "Lions" and the "Tigers," the "Niagaras" and the "Cataracts," the "Eagles" and the "Oceans" would have a grand trial of strength to see whose engine was best and who could pump the hardest and reach the highest point on a tall flagstaff, or, it might be, the steeple of the First church. The best engine, if well manned, could wet the rooster. To the comb of the rooster the distance is 169 feet. The bird himself is five feet high. He came over from London about the year 1750 and has looked down on generations of firemen and upon soldiers going out to several wars. A likely tradition has it that an eagle once alighted upon him and was shot from below. In 1902 one of these birds was seen hovering over St. Michael's cathedral.



They are almost all gone who tried to reach the rooster in friendly rivalry with the old hand engines, and in these days the firemen have so much serious business that there is not much opportunity for sport. The great steam fire engines, the chemical engines, the hose tower, the extension ladders, the electric alarm and other devices for coping with big fires, aided by a water service that makes the town brook and rain water cisterns seem ridiculous, form a marked contrast between old and new times. If a man's house burned down he lost all and his neighbors helped him to erect another. Now

he collects the insurance from some company that he has paid to guarantee him against loss. The fine building of the Springfield Fire and Marine Insurance Company probably had in itself a cost of construction equal to the value of all the buildings in the town when the Indians gave it to the torch.

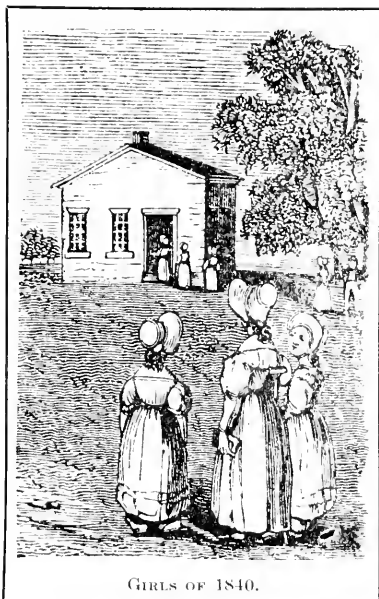
We have already seen how simple the schools were in olden times and what sort of things the boys and girls used to do when out of school. The schools did not change much until the nine-



ANCIENT SCHOOLHOUSE OF WEST SPRINGFIELD.

teenth century. There were but few things taught and those not particularly well. Nevertheless hard work counted, as it always does when applied to something useful. As in the second chapter we made an imaginary visit to the meeting-house, so we will now look into one of the schools of a hundred years ago, say, the school on Armory Hill, or in the Water-shops district or at Putts Bridge or some other school of the outer districts. In the summer the school has been taught by a woman, but now the farm work is over and the big boys, no longer needed for work, are coming in for their winter schooling.

A man is needed for the winter term and a strong one, for the big boys like to show their strength and will measure it with the teacher the very first day. Some years they succeeded in putting a schoolmaster out of doors; they have even been known to rub him in the snow. If he could not handle them his usefulness was over. The teacher of this year was a good wrestler. He determined to meet the boys in a friendly spirit and challenged the strongest for a wrestling match. He won and was henceforth the master, and thus he was always called; a title that meant a good deal, when the spirit of insubordination was liable to break forth, as often it did, in an old time school. This was not so strange, considering the



GIRLS OF 1840.

fact that the teacher was supposed to rule with a rod. If it was not a rod, it might be a birch stick and many a boy has been sent out to cut one for his own back. This old master wished only to cause temporary pain in his punishments, so he generally used a strap, which only stung for a moment. The boys called it "the tug"



As we enter the schoolroom we see the master at a rude desk in a corner. He is engaged in mending pens. They are

NEW ENGLAND PRIMER.

11

As runs the Glass,
Man's life doth pass.

My book and Heart
Shall never part.

Job feels the Rod,
Yet blesses God.

Proud Korah's troop
Was swallow'd up.

The Lion bold
The lamb doth hold.

The Moon gives light
In time of night.



G H I J K L M

of goose quills and to be able to put a neat point on them is one of his valuable accomplishments. On the desk is a sand box. Blotting paper is unknown, and to dry the ink some black sand is poured upon it out of pin holes in the sand box. The older children who have need to write have long desks in front of them, while the younger are seated on benches with no backs. Perhaps the writing lesson comes first, in which case the master produces some slips of paper neatly written with such sentences as, "Command the mind and then the pen;" and these the scholars copy. These copies the teacher would take with him if he went to another school. The reading lesson may be from the "English Reader," or from "Webster's Spelling Book," or, perhaps, from the "New England Primer," in which last the younger scholars learned to remember the alphabet by such verses and pictures as those on this page. Notice that I and J were considered as equivalent in old printing.



Peculiar punishments were more common in olden times than now. The dunce cap belongs to a forgotten past but the writer remembers a so-called dunce-block,—the end of a huge beam painted red, in one of the lower grades of the Springfield schools, upon which silly boys were made to sit.



There are now scarcely any country schools left in Springfield and the country work and sports have largely passed away. Few

TO THE
CENTRAL STREET COASTERS

Shout, boys and girls,
The victory's won!
The cranky folks
Can't spoil your fun.
Bring out your sleds
An' let 'em speed;
The aldermen
Have all agreed
To let you have
The jolly treat
Of coasting still
On Central street.

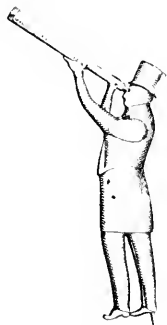
1887

boys know how to milk and no girl can spin. The husking bees that made good times in the great barns on Main street are no more. Thanks to pond and hill, skating and coasting are yet in vogue, although for the safety of all, including children, restrictions have to be imposed upon coasting on the more traveled streets. Sometimes the young people have successfully opposed

the placing of these restrictions, as appears from some contemporary verses in the *Homestead*. A spirit of independence, if in obedience to the laws, is admirable, as in the case of the Boston boys who remonstrated with General Gage when the British soldiers spoiled their coasting.

Notwithstanding the more meager results and rougher ways, yet, so far as we can judge from what old scholars have left on record about it, the school life of other days contributed

to that happy joyousness which belongs to childhood and youth. Take, for example, from the *High School Portfolio*, published by the boys and girls in the fifties, these verses from which the fun bubbles up above all the mishaps.



THE WEATHERVANE OF
THE OLD HIGH SCHOOL,
COURT SQUARE, SHOW-
ING BULLET HOLES.
HEIGHT, THREE FEET.

WADING THROUGH THE SNOW

When the winds are blowing
Hard, with all their might,
And the snowdrifts measure
More than half your height,
Friends and schoolmates, have you—
Now I want to know —
Ever had the pleasure
Of wading through the snow?

Dozen books to carry,
Dinner basket full,
And a great umbrella,
On our way to school.
Sixty miles an hour
Railroad cars do go;
Merely! don't we beat 'em
Wading through the snow?

Falling into snowdrifts,
Dropping every book,
Losing all the cookies
And the pie we took;
Feet and fingers frozen,
Patience nearly so;
Ain't it awful funny
Wading through the snow?

Opposite the arsenal
Half past eight we see;
Goodness! we must hurry,
Else, tardy we shall be.
So we set to running
Fast as we can go,
Take two steps and tumble
Headlong in the snow.

Finally we halted
At the schoolhouse door,
With our journey ended,
And our danger o'er;
So with joyful faces
Up the stairs we go;
Think again you'll catch us
Wading through the snow?

It was years after that the same girl described her life in one of the grammar schools in some verses, from which the following are taken, called

A TRIBUTE TO AN OLD TEACHER

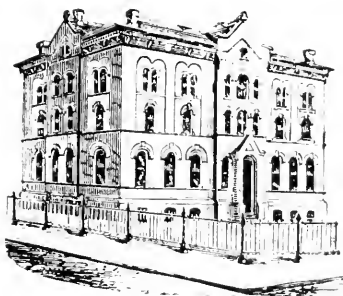


Our memory wakes, and we recall
The little, dreary, sandy yard,
The schoolroom with its dingy wall,
The straight-backed benches, stiff and
hard;

The songs, long since, gone out of date,
With which the schoolroom used to ring;
And the old-fashioned book and slate.
Yes, we remember everything.

But over all has come a change;
This is an unfamiliar place;
The only thing that is not strange
Is our beloved teacher's face.

Oh, could we take our dusty books,
And once more trudge away to
school,
And sit beneath those gracious looks
That softened e'en the strictest
rule,



"THIS IS AN UNFAMILIAR PLACE."



And could we hear his words of praise,
That were so precious to our ears,
And feel the patience of his ways,
That never failed through all those
years,

We should not tease and vex him now
With whispering, carelessness and noise;
Of course, we should have sport somehow,
But we should be good girls and boys.

Springfield schools rank high among those of the country: in what respects do they excel those of the olden time? In many ways. In the matter of buildings they are better housed and equipped. They excel in teaching children to put their thoughts into writing; in bringing them near to nature by the study of birds and flowers; in giving them the usefulness and joy that come from knowledge of drawing and painting; in connect-

ing their studies with the many good books of a large city library and the collections in the Art Museum. The kindergarten and manual training work are new. In general, the methods of teaching have so improved that more can be done in the same time, and the principles laid down by the great philosopher, Francis Bacon, and by modern



"MAN SHALL NOT LIVE BY BREAD ALONE."

educators have been most successfully applied.

There was, in the schools of Springfield, a boy who, as he grew up, became a lover of good books, good pictures and good deeds. When he graduated from the high school his spoken essay, composed by himself, was on the subject, "The Measure of Life." It is remembered that in it he tried to make his schoolmates feel the truth of the saying "Man shall not

live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Thus early did he come to know that the best things were to be chosen. He passed through college with credit but not long after that his earthly life closed. Nevertheless through him several things were made possible for Springfield. His name was Eugene Aston. He had a refined taste in art and for him is named the "Aston Collection of Wood Engravings," in the City Library.

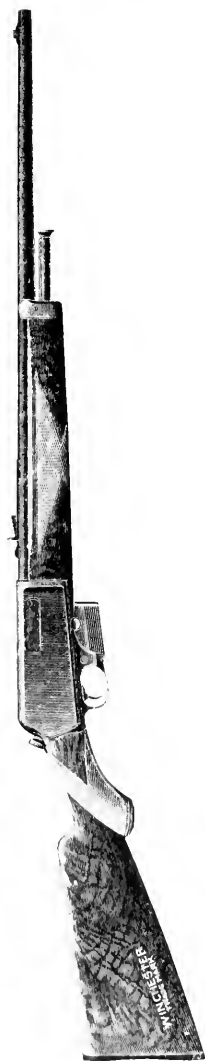
The art of engraving on wood is an interesting one but now, unfortunately, becoming obsolete. It is one of the objects of this history to show by its illustrations what work can be done by drawing or engraving with lines as compared with the work of photography. In the Aston Collection may be found some of the best examples of wood engraving that this country has produced. The effect is obtained with a sharp tool making lines on the surface of a block usually of the wood of the pear tree. As the block sometimes splits, the printing is generally done from an electrotype which ingeniously duplicates in the metal the raised and depressed surfaces of the block.

Springfield has had good engravers on copper and steel, like Goldthwaite and Chubbuck, and on wood, like Cleaves and Howard. The cuts on pages 68 and 80, from a school book of early days are rude indeed, as compared with the highly finished work of Cleaves on page 121, or the piece of commercial work over-leaf. In this book photography has been used in reproducing engravings from old books, as on pages 26, 41, 45; but where the lines of the original are delicate, as on page 134, they cannot be equalled in the copy. The cuts on pages 31 and 54 are printed from electrotypes of blocks loaned by the publishers of Webster's dictionary, a book which has carried the name of Springfield

all over the world. Illustrations like those on pages 77 and 115 are photographic reductions of pen drawings. The engravings on pages 118-119 are reproductions from Anderson, the pioneer wood engraver of America.

This cut of a gun by Howard is electrotyped from wood. It would be well to take a magnifying glass and see by what delicate lines the engraver got the mottled effect of the French walnut knot of which the butt is made. Notice also how the surface of the iron parts is made to suggest the original. Results of a very different kind and yet equally artistic though often less difficult can be produced by the use of a very few lines, as in the cut of a woman churning, on page 45. In both cases careful drawing is of the very first importance. Good coloring cannot make up for bad drawing.

It was in the nineteenth century that people began to be especially interested in the early history of the town. George Bliss, Oliver B. Morris, and his son, Henry Morris, gave much attention to this subject and the latter was the first President of the Connecticut Valley Historical Society. This society was organized in 1876, the Centennial year, when the people of this country really began to look back on the nation's past. Its volumes of published proceedings contain interesting reading about old Springfield.



The city is also known outside by the historical publications of the house of Gurdon Bill, who was the donor of the Soldiers' Monument on Court Square, and its successor, the C. A. Nichols Company. The publications of this house include Holland's "Life of Lincoln," Abbott's "History of the Civil War," "Our First Century," "History for Ready Reference," a book much used in school and college, and "Rise and Fall of Nations." Green's "History of Springfield," published at the time of the quarter millennial of the city, largely as a personal contribution of Mr. Nichols to the occasion, is a monumental work reflecting credit on author and publisher. To it this book is indebted for fourteen plates, like those on pages 20, 33, 121. Other books dealing with local history, to which the reader is referred for further study, are Morris' "Early History of Springfield," Holland's "History of Western Massachusetts," Copeland's "History of Hampden County," Everts' "History of the Connecticut Valley," Ellis and Morris' "History of King Philip's War," Burt's "First Century of the History of Springfield," King's "Handbook of Springfield," Wright's "Indian Deeds of Hampden County," Ward's "Springfield in the Spanish-American War," Stebbins' "Wilbraham," Bagg's "West Springfield," Chapin's "Inhabitants of Old Springfield" and "Old High School," Storrs' "Longmeadow," Palmer's "Chicopee Street," and Barrows' "Poets and Poetry of Springfield."

"I have but one lamp," said Patrick Henry, "by which my feet are guided and that is the lamp of experience." The experience of the past, embodied in history, as it becomes better known, helps us better to understand our own time and thus to make better the coming times. Interest in historical study is sometimes promoted by the drama, as with Shakespeare's *Henry VIII* and *Richard III*. How this can be

done locally was shown by the historical pageant presented by the Central High School in 1909, in which costume, music and action united in presenting to the imagination a striking picture of Colonial days.

In 1892 occurred the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. In Springfield the event was celebrated by the Hebrews. Rejoicing in this free republic, they gathered for religious services; and also listened to an address by one of the sons of Springfield, descended from the two townsmen who met their death at the foot of Long Hill, as described in the fifth chapter.

As may be inferred from designs of the city seal, manufactures and trade have long since replaced agriculture as the basis of Springfield's prosperity. William Pynchon himself was a trader, an honest and successful one, and there have been others like him in these respects, some born here and others coming from elsewhere. Our mechanics and manufacturers alone would make an interesting study. They are the direct representatives of William Pynchon, who dealt in native furs and foreign goods and made boards and shingles. If they know the history of the town they have before them his illustrious example of honorable dealing.

It was just before the Civil war that Horace Smith and Daniel B. Wesson became partners in the manufacture of pistols. When the war came on there was great demand for pistols and these two men acquired fortunes, for they were good mechanics and understood business. They trusted each other and others trusted them and wanted their good work. They did not keep all their wealth to themselves and their families. One of Mr. Smith's ways of doing good was by helping young men and women to an education. He enjoyed this; and, dying without immediate heirs, gave most of his

property to charity. The Horace Smith Fund perpetuates one of his own favorite ways of doing good. His life may be taken as an illustrious example of Benevolence, a quality of character which is not denied to any, whether rich or poor.

Daniel B. Wesson was also benevolent, for, although he left a numerous posterity, he devoted an important part of his estate to the building of two hospitals. For our purposes, however, we may take his life as illustrating another moral quality. Whatever he made or had made, he determined should be made the best it could be, whether it was a pistol or a great hospital or the fence about the hospital. On one occasion, reading that a pistol of his manufacture had fallen from a shelf and, being fired by the fall, killed a woman, he lay awake nearly all night studying a device for preventing such an accident in the future, and before morning broke he had the invention in his mind. He thought whatever was worth doing at all was worth doing well and his life may be taken as an illustrious example of Perfection of Workmanship, a quality of highest import and almost universal application, if only in something so humble as the putting a point on a pencil or making a loaf of bread.

A second man, Primus P. Mason, may be mentioned here, of the race of Peter Swink of the third chapter, who by industry and thrift acquired property and, dying without issue, executed a cherished plan by giving his estate to found a Home for Aged Men.

In early times it was the men who did most of the things of which history has to tell; but in later times the women have taken a useful part in the public life of the city. Among them was Clara T. Leonard, who gave herself, heart and soul, to prison reform in the interest of women. Deeply interested in the welfare of the young, she founded the Hampden County

Children's Aid Society, whose work is still going on. A second organization working for the same purpose is the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, named for the famous French philanthropist. Both exist for the care of homeless and suffering children. Another devoted woman was Adelaide A. Calkins, who, with Ellen B. Merriam, a graduate of the Springfield High School, was the first among the women of the city to fill one of its public offices by becoming a member of the school committee. She gave twelve years of fruitful service to the cause of education and other years as an official of the Commonwealth towards improving the almshouses of the State of Massachusetts. United in friendship, Mrs. Leonard and Mrs. Calkins spent many years in work for the common good.



ADELAIDE A. CALKINS.

CLARA T. LEONARD.

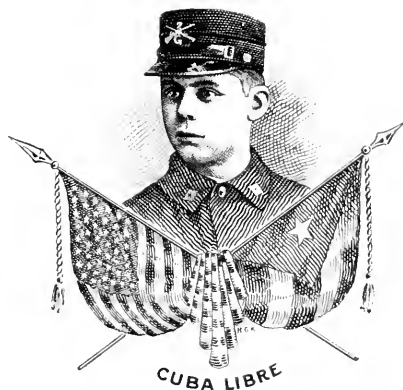
In 1898 there was war between the United States and Spain, growing out of inhumanities practiced by the Spanish authorities on the Cubans. The seat of war was the island of Cuba. One morning in May the Springfield companies of the Second Regiment, composed almost entirely of young men, some of them scarcely out of their boyhood, marched from the State Arsenal through Main street to the railroad station. How much the composition of the citizens had changed since the early days when they were almost all of

English or Scotch stock is shown by the fact that among the list of officers and privates occur names that are Irish, German, Scandinavian, French, Italian and Hebrew.

The regiment camped in Framingham and soon was on its way to Florida, whence it was to embark. Merrily did the soldiers sing

“Tramp, tramp, tramp the boys are marching;
Cheer up Cuba, we will come.”

but once on Cuban soil they were face to face with the horrors of war. Young Arthur Packard, who first enlisted at fifteen, was killed at the battle of El Caney. Thomas Boon, having been transferred to the signal corps, was sent up in a war balloon for observations on the enemy at the siege of Santiago. The



ARTHUR H. PACKARD.

balloon, having been struck at a great height by fragments of a shell, fell, and young Boon was caught in a tree and entangled with its anchor and was afterwards dropped in the water of a creek. He received severe injuries which proved fatal after his return to Springfield.

There were others in these companies who met their death on the battlefield or at the hand of exposure and disease, including Henry Macdonald, chief of the city's police. They died for the freedom of Cuba and their names are on the monument at the foot of Round Hill. There was an old saying of

the Romans, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*,"—"It is sweet and fitting to die for one's country." These went at the call of their country to die for the people of another land and their names and deeds are cherished, together with the names and deeds of those who fell in the making and the saving of this nation. Equally honored, however, although not mourned, are those who returned to live honorable lives under the banner of peace.

In the year 1800 the population of Springfield was 2250; in 1900 it was 62,059. A large part of the latter increase had, of course, been due to immigration from abroad. The large families of the older stock had become the exception and now came people from Sweden, Italy, Poland, Hungary, Greece, Armenia and China. There had been an increasing Irish and German element from earlier times. There were people of French descent from Canada but not in any number from France itself; nor from Spain, Portugal or Japan; but there were Hebrews from many countries. These all have come, giving up their old allegiance, to take the name American, to defend the Constitution and to love and honor the Stars and Stripes. Like the ancient settlers of Pynchon's day, they have had to give up many old ways and to learn what, for this country, are better ones. Like the earlier settlers it is for them gradually to lose sight of old customs, the old language and the old nationality in the fusion of peoples in the new land. "Americanism," as President Roosevelt has said, "is a question of principle, of purpose, of idealism, of character; and not a matter of birthplace, or creed, or line of descent."

This chapter ends with the nineteenth century. The last century of the second millennium of the present era was about to begin, called the twentieth century. The people of Springfield felt the importance of the event. As the hour drew on to

midnight, some gathered in their places of worship, others were upon the streets or awaiting in their homes the next stroke of the clock. The bells of the city rang out all together, tolling in slow and measured strokes the death of the old century. When the public clocks began to strike the hour of twelve, the bells changed to joyful notes of greeting for the century just beginning, and the great guns on Armory Square began to thunder their salute. This was in the two hundred and sixty-fifth year of the history of Springfield and the one hundred and twenty-fifth year of the independence of the United States.



ANNIVERSARY HYMN

Sung May 25, 1886

At the 250th Anniversary of the City of Springfield

Tune: "Portuguese Hymn."

O God of our fathers! Their Guide and their Shield,
Who marked out Thy pathway through forest and field,
We stand where they stood, and with anthems of praise
Acknowledge Thy goodness, O Ancient of Days!

Thou leddest Thy people of old like a flock;
They trusted in Thee as their Sheltering Rock;
The centuries pass,—Thou art ever the same,
And children of children still trust in Thy name.

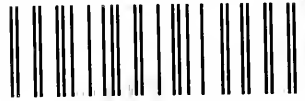
'Twas here in the wilderness, silent, untamed,
The gospel of freedom and grace they proclaimed,—
The gospel of home, of the school, of the plow,—
And this City of Homes is their monument now.

O God of our fathers! By river and wood
Where Pynchon and Holyoke and Chapin abode,
Our heritage blossoms with glory and praise,
To Thee, our Defender, O Ancient of Days!

—Dyer, 1839-1896

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